

COUNTRY LIFE

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RITA MARTIN.

LADY EILEEN BUTLER.

74, Baker Street, W.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits.

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A PROTEST FROM WINDERMERE.

WHEN Sir Schomberg McDonnell has completely settled the difficult problem how to retain in Great Britain the relics and historical treasures belonging to it, he will find still wider scope for his energy in the preservation of its natural scenery. In our "Correspondence" pages this week Mrs. Beatrice Potter shows that the beauty of the Lake District is being attacked in a manner as novel as it is disagreeable. This is by the aeroplane—an invention so clever that in itself no one could say a word against it. Undoubtedly, flying is a new landmark in the history of man, and, as the invention of steam caused one great movement forward, so is it leading to another. But admiration cannot prevent us from sympathising with the protest made by Mrs. Potter. The question at present is not about the aeroplane being a great invention, but whether the Lake of Windermere is the right place in which to exercise and exhibit this prodigious creation of modern engineering. The road across the ferry, if we may use such an expression, is consecrated by long usage to the public. "Time out of mind," says the old deed referred to by Mrs. Potter, "it hath been used and accustomed that the parties to these presents and all others . . . passe repasse & travell over Windermere Watter." Thus we have the ground

for a very solemn objection. The hydroplane flies up and down the narrow Lake of Windermere. Mrs. Potter says that it does so at a comparatively low level, and with a noise for which she finds millions of blue-bottles plus a steam threshing engine an inadequate metaphor. This is a cause not only of aesthetic repugnance, but of actual danger. Windermere horse-ferry is the connecting link for all road traffic between the Kendal district of Westmorland and the northern part of Furness. For dwellers "beside the road from Hawkshead to the Great Boate" the ferry is the sole means of access to town, to station and to Kendal Market. The old ferry-boat, which is worked by a small engine and flywheel, along a wire cable, takes over coach and four and char-à-banc, the carrier's tilt cart and the rich man's motor. It is often burdened with "toppling loads of oak bark and hooper's swills," all kinds of farm traffic goes over, flocks of sheep and herds of cattle, farm carts going with wool or wood and returning with coal. Our correspondent avers that the aeroplane scudding over the water is a terror to the horses, and therefore a danger to the passengers. Horses upon land grow accustomed to anything, and no doubt the power of movement has a soothing effect on their nerves; but on board a ferry they cannot run or walk and are more excitable. They, at present, are afraid of the mysterious noise above them, and Mrs. Potter does not think they will easily get over it. Several accidents have already happened, and it is evident that if the four-footed passengers on the old ferry-boat were beginning to back, there would be no end to the danger that would be incurred, to say nothing of the chances of collision when the proposed factory gets to work and aeroplanes begin to jostle one another under the shadow of the mountains. It is certainly a case for consideration whether law-abiding subjects of the King should be exposed to such perils on the public highway.

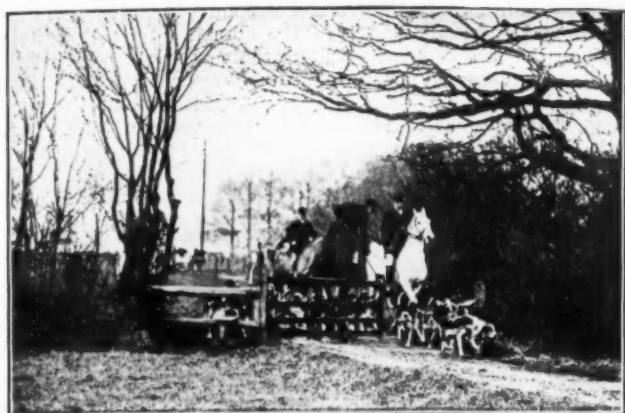
If no utilitarian argument were forthcoming, there would be still valid objections to making the atmosphere above Windermere an exercising-place for aeroplanes. The country is, in a way of speaking, holy ground. It is celebrated wherever the English language is known as a favourite resort of the Lake poets and their friends. It was at Storrs Point, close to the scene where all this is taking place, that Wordsworth, Scott, Canning and Christopher North embarked upon the Lake with their host, Mr. Bolton. Since then the only objection that has been urged against the district is that the people of England are too fond of it, and that the searcher after the quiet beauty of the country does not go there as much as he did on account of the crowds.

Of course, one can understand, in a way, why the neighbourhood should be chosen for flying exercise. In winter and early spring it is unfrequented by the travelling public; there are wide open spaces in which the airman can ply his craft, and no doubt he considered he was doing his best in searching out this remote and, as he might think, unfrequented part of England. But it is obvious that the native does not relish it. The latter thoroughly appreciates the fact that its lovely scenery is the most valuable asset possessed by the county of Westmorland, to put the matter on no higher footing, and it is borne in on his mind that if a factory for aeroplanes be started on the shores of the Lake, and the vessels themselves go screaming and roaring up and down, the attraction of Windermere must become a thing of the past. It may be, of course, that invention will get rid of some of the evils. Whoever remembers a journey in the first motor-car is aware that conversation was impossible because of the extraordinary hubbub that seemed to go on all round one; to-day two friends may sit in a motor and converse in a tone as low as they would use in an office or a drawing-room, so vastly has the comfort been increased. Only the other day we noticed an account of an experiment with a noiseless aeroplane at Farnborough, and it may well be that in the near future the noise which irritates our correspondent so much will be got rid of. Even then it would not be desirable that our most popular pleasure resorts should be utilised as centres for flying-men and their work. There are many other parts of England available, and we trust that those who are responsible for what is taking place at Windermere will give its proper weight to a warning that is very far from being unfriendly.

Our Portrait Illustration

THE frontispiece this week is a portrait of Lady Eileen Butler, whose engagement to the Marquess of Stafford has just been announced. Lady Eileen Butler is the elder daughter of the Earl of Lanesborough.

* * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



COUNTRY NOTES

ON Monday, it may be said that the historical Royal visit to India came to an end, as the King and Queen left Calcutta for Bombay on their way home. The last address read to them declared that "the over-flowing and loving gratitude of all Their Majesties' Bengal subjects was the farewell offering which the people of Bengal humbly laid at their feet." King George in reply said that to him and the Queen-Empress no farewell gift could have been more welcome. The incident rounds off a great event. Never before in the history of England in India has the reigning Monarch made a visit of such state and importance. That he should do so was at the beginning one of those bold conceptions whose appropriateness grows more apparent every time we consider it. The Royal tour must be held a pronounced success. It was not unattended with incidents out of harmony with the general proceedings; but they were not of a very serious nature and were amply compensated for by the splendid enthusiasm of our native fellow-subjects. Never, in fact, has India appeared in more gorgeous panoply or with greater splendour than when she welcomed the King-Emperor and the Queen-Empress.

With the death of Dr. Jex-Blake there passes away a heroic figure in the struggle for emancipating women. The scenes which took place in Edinburgh during the sixties and the early seventies of last century, when the uproarious medical students demonstrated against the women's claim to a medical degree almost daily, are still a living tradition in the Scottish capital. Dr. Jex-Blake won her battle, and no one thinks of objecting now to the admission of women to the medical degree. She died honoured and respected. Nevertheless, there has been no flow of the feminine element into medicine. Without looking up the exact figures, we cannot be far wrong in saying that the total number of lady doctors in Great Britain at the present moment falls considerably short of a thousand, and of those only a moderate percentage are earning a good livelihood. In point of fact, nursing has proved to be a much more popular calling, and in its higher branches is almost as lucrative. Women from all grades of society are now in the habit of becoming nurses: some from the highest philanthropic motives devote themselves to hospital and charitable work; others, no less worthy of honour, choose nursing as a means of earning a livelihood.

Legislation appears to have very little effect on the employment of women. There are certain professions to which they take naturally and others which they avoid. There seems, for example, no reason in the nature of things why women should not be architects, and there is no barrier to a woman becoming an architect. Yet the sex has only made a few amateur attempts in this direction. Women, again, are in many cases holders of large quantities of shares in joint stock companies, and there is, as far as we know, no obstacle to their becoming directors; but in high finance there are no female figures. In literature, painting and even sculpture, many a woman has made a great and striking career. Even in the study of mathematics, scholars at Newnham and Girton have shown themselves able to hold their own with men. Undoubtedly, much light could be thrown on the difference that exists between masculine and feminine capacity, if someone who is not swayed either one way or the other by prejudice would make an exact

survey of the channels into which their respective energies tend to flow when there is no real or even apparent barrier to prevent freedom of movement.

Mr. Geoffrey le M. Mander, writing from Wightwick Manor, Wolverhampton, offers an example that deserves to be copied. He was one of the Eighty Club who some time ago paid a visit to Ireland, and he is, needless to say, a Home Ruler. Nevertheless, his conviction in favour of Home Rule is not allowed to paralyse his judgment. What he saw in Ireland was that the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society is doing "magnificent work," the effects of which are distinctly visible. The chief one is the stimulation of activity and the consequent increase of prosperity in the country districts. But as the farmers become more and more concentrated on their work they are less alive to party politics. The society, again, by its elimination of the middleman as far as possible, has estranged the sympathy of the shopkeepers. These considerations appear to have induced Mr. T. W. Russell and the Nationalists to operate against the I.A.O.S. Mr. Mander very properly refuses to consider this question "from the point of view of English party tactics at Westminster." It would be good if others would follow his example. The best work in Ireland has been done regardless of political issues, and it would be deplorable if Sir Horace Plunkett's efforts should be nullified by the introduction of mere partisan considerations.

AT GRAFTON.

God laughed when he made Grafton
That's under Bredon Hill,
A jewel in a jewelled plain.
The seasons work their will
On golden thatch and crumbling stone,
And every soft-lipped breeze
Makes music for the Grafton men
In comfortable trees.

God's beauty over Grafton
Stole into roof and wall,
And hallowed every paved path
And every lowly stall,
And to a woven wonder
Conspired with one accord
The labour of the servant,
The labour of the Lord.

And momentarily to Grafton
Comes in from vale and wold
The sound of sheep unshepherded,
The sound of sheep in fold,
And, blown along the bases
Of lands that set their wide
Frank brows to God, comes chanting
The breath of Bristol tide.

The days are good at Grafton,
The golden days and grey,
The busy clouds, the mellow barns,
And every winding way.
And oh, the peace of Grafton
Beneath the starlit skies,
God dreamt of when he fashioned
A woman's love-lit eyes.

JOHN DRINKWATER.

Life in education is one of those desirable qualities which are often sought in vain. Its existence is, however, encouraged by such experiments as were described on Saturday at the concluding sittings of the annual Conference of London Teachers, when several members of the teaching staff of the County Schools read papers describing certain experiments which they have tried. One teacher, Mr. W. T. Litton, head-master of the London Fields School for Boys, has been trying the effect of deep breathing as a means of improving the efficiency of the pulmonary system. In two different schools he carried this on for nine months, with the result that there has been an average increase of more than two inches in chest measurement during a period of this systematic practice. Several boys showed an expansion of more than three inches, and one of four inches. A less novel, but equally useful, experiment was that of Mrs. Click, head-mistress of the Manor Lane School for Infants. She gave each of the children a few square feet of soil to cultivate, with the result that flowers and fruit of several kinds were produced and little field crops as well, such as wheat, barley and maize. Survey work and magazine production were other forms of experiment which were almost

equally good. This kind of teaching imparts that real knowledge which comes not from books, but from things. It fills the mind, too, with information that may be utilised for the purpose of teaching composition. A child naturally writes more easily of what he has already learned than of what he has to think painfully out.

Walter Peace, H. L. Geary, C. Johnstone and W. L. Dalrymple have sent a very ingenious and effective communication to the Press to show what sort of landlord the Government is. Writing from Camberley, Surrey, they describe an attempt to obtain from the Crown facilities for building workmen's cottages. They seem to have wished to buy, but this was refused. Instead they were offered a ninety-nine years' lease of three acres, and this offer was accompanied by the following stipulations: They had to form, make, metal and sewer roads leading to the land at a cost to be approved by the landlord; to pay the tithe rent (if any); to expend £1,600 on building eight cottages on each acre of land, according to plans and designs approved by the landlord; to pay the landlord's surveyors £12 12s. for examining the approved designs; to obtain the landlord's approval of the ground rent apportioned to each cottage before any sublease is granted to a tenant; and to pay to the landlord—after the first year—the ground rent of £14 per acre. They calculated that "the ground rent demanded for each acre proposed to be leased would provide the interest on £560" at 2½ per cent., which is the rate of interest paid by the Government. This plain statement, if it had been made about a landlord who is in the same position of having given nothing for the land and never having spent a penny on it, would have raised a chorus of opprobrium.

Those who have been following the comments made by correspondents and other contributors on the subject of Village Halls and Clubs will be interested in the plan and elevation which we show to-day in our "Correspondence" columns of the village institute which Mr. Lloyd-George has presented to his native village, Llanystumwy. Whatever we may think of the politics of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, there can be no difference of opinion as to the praise he deserves for this generous and graceful action. At no time were village halls more needed or put to wider and better uses. Mr. Lloyd-George could scarcely have offered a more acceptable gift; and it is evident that the construction is to be carried out on lines frequently advocated in these pages. The general aim is to use the materials to be obtained in the locality, and to make the building harmonise with its surroundings, and so carry out the idea of making it a village hall in appearance and reality as well as in name. The design will, no doubt, be carefully scrutinised by that large section of our readers whose attention has recently been strongly directed to this subject.

It would be extremely interesting to obtain a full report of the behaviour of dew-ponds during last summer. A correspondent informs us that a large number of those in Wiltshire dried up altogether. On the other hand, those made at Ewhurst two or three years ago by the Duchess of Wellington retained the water during the whole of the summer, though at one time the little stream connecting the two ponds dried up and water had to be added. We doubt if dew-ponds could possibly have been subjected to a more severe test than was furnished by the drought last summer. Not only was it long-continued, but it was characterised by a long succession of dry and dewless nights, as though the moisture had been completely evaporated by the sun. This, of course, would not affect the dew-pond which is connected with dew only by name; but all other sources of supply were cut off. It would, therefore, be extremely interesting to hear of any artificial ponds, especially in downland, that retained their water during the summer.

A correspondent raises a question in this issue with which we confess to have been frequently puzzled. He writes about a statement made in last week's issue relating to trees growing at a height of 2,000ft.—an altitude, it may be observed, beyond that at which forestry is considered to be profitable in this climate—and he points out that at a greatly increased height there are to be found the stumps of very large trees. He is speaking particularly of the Aberdeenshire Highlands; but the same phenomenon may be observed in other parts of the country. For example, on the high moorlands on which the Leeds Water Works are situated, the municipality is carrying out a scheme of afforestation, with rather poor results as far as the highest and most exposed ground is concerned; but at one time this was part of a great chase, and the remains of trees of considerable magnitude have from time to time been dug out.

Experts affirm that for several thousand years past there has been no important change in the climate of Great Britain, despite the talk of the habitual grumbler, who vows that the springs, winters and summers of to-day are altogether different from those of his youth. But, if the conditions have remained practically the same, how is it that trees grew within close historical times where now it is impossible to rear them?

Although the cultivation of oranges in this country is not undertaken in many gardens, there are a few where the fruits are grown to perfection. At this season, when flowers are scarce, their golden fruits, set off with a foil of glistening green foliage, form an attractive feature in the conservatory, while their fragrant blossoms are always welcome. That fruits of high quality and suitable for consumption can also be obtained was well demonstrated at the exhibition of the Royal Horticultural Society held at Vincent Square on Tuesday last. A large exhibit of oranges and lemons on that occasion attracted considerable attention. Many of the fruits shown were equal, if not superior, to the best seedless varieties from foreign countries. The diversity of form and colour, too, was noticeable and interesting, the hue of the skins ranging from pale primrose to the richest golden orange.

IN LAURA'S MIRROR.

When Laura, peeping in her oval mirror
Caught her reflection,
She thought (and those who knew can best forgive her!)
She thought she saw Perfection.
For, never maiden wore the Gift of Grace
So richly as portrayed in Laura's face.

A Psyche's brow, and eyes of Southern Spain;
Ripe lips, and smiling.
Cheeks as a rose caressed by sun and rain,
Dimples beguiling!
Surely no nymph of two-and-twenty ere
Than our reflected Laura was more fair!

Long afterwards, in the same mirror gazing
Her face upraising,
Tracing the prints where treacherous Time had crept
Dismayed, she wept!
To find, alas! the charms she'd hoped to cherish
Had only lived—to perish!

ELIZABETH KIRK.

It has been suggested that the Bradford Stipendiary who the other day confiscated a camera because the owner had tried to take photographs in Court was acting beyond his power; but whether this is so or not, a considerable amount of sympathy will be felt with him. Not only prisoners but witnesses in Court feel it a grievance that, through no fault of their own, they should be sentenced to be photographed. The innocent prisoner has a special reason for grievance, as the mere showing of his likeness is likely to associate him with a crime which he did not commit. But even the guilty have a right to protest. It is meet and proper that they should receive the punishment that suits their offence; but that they should in addition be held up to obloquy and ridicule by being made to appear in illustrated accounts of the trial is an undeserved infliction. There are many uses to which justice may put the camera connected with the identification of offenders by means of features, finger-prints or anything akin; but where it is used it should be with the sanction of the law. The indiscriminate taking of snap-shots for the ultimate purpose of selling them to newspapers is a form of industry that should be discouraged.

It seems that there has been evolved, in course of the experiments at Farnborough, and out of the wreckage of the Voisin aeroplane given by the Duke of Westminster, an air vessel that is comparatively silent. It is quite possible that it might be capable of making a very considerable noise in its passage and yet be truly described as silent in comparison with those to which we are accustomed. Now and then, when all is quiet in the house, we hear a strange sound, or a sound that was quite a strange one until lately, and know it to be made by a passing aeroplane. The distance at which the humming of the machines in ordinary use is audible is really quite remarkable, and would always serve to advertise the approach of such a vessel to the inmates of any camp or fort which its passengers might come to spy. The invention of a flying-machine which is relatively noiseless must be a great advance from the point of view of the comfort of those who travel in it on those which we commonly see; but its increased value as a scouting machine in war must be still more considerable.

The trout ought to be very early in condition this year. Of course, it must seem a date altogether unduly early to be talking of any such future conditions, as all such prognostications are apt to be made futile by what may happen in the interval; but it is quite sure that the fish have been before their usual time in going up to the spawning-beds, and also that a number of them have come down again, in the December spates, to the main streams, where we hope to catch them later on. In all this they have been precocious. It may be remembered that after the long scorching of last summer's sun, when the water went down very low in volume and went up very high in temperature in all our rivers, the fish lost their condition sooner than they lose it in a year of more normal climate. It is likely enough that this may have made them the more ready to begin their domestic business as soon as a flood gave them a chance of getting up the brooks. Certainly they took the first opportunity, and are down again quickly. Rivers have had a good scour out with the winter floods, a cleansing of which they stood in much need after the sickly state they fell into during the summer drought, and the fish should find food and water in plenty.

Most of us, probably, have outlived, if ever we laboured under it, belief in that delusion, proverbially fostered, that a green Yule makes a fat churchyard. It is not wholly impossible that this saying may have been justified at the time of its invention, when it was the custom to shut all windows closely, in order to confine and multiply the microbes of consumption, and in other ways to make houses as insanitary as they could be made. In these days, at all events, it is quite certain that the proverb would be perfectly true if it were reversed, and it is satisfactory to find that the present Yule has given a more than common proof of it. Although the wet has been so constant, country doctors assure us that never in their experience has there been so little sickness at the same time of year as during the last month of 1911. The school teachers, who have a no less sensitive pulse on the health of the younger people, have the same tale to tell. In a large board school in the South of England at which we made enquiry we learnt that only one scholar, of all on its list, was absent. It is always, however, the next term, when the day lengthens and the cold strengthens, that tries the children and brings illness of all the kinds to which they are most prone.

CLOUDS.

THOUGH there exists an infinite variety in the size and shape of clouds, yet they may all be classified under no more than seven distinct headings, proposed more than a century ago by Luke Howard, a London merchant, in his classic essay on the "Modifications of Clouds," and the names given by him have been universally adopted. Of these seven forms he discriminated the three simple kinds, which he called respectively cirrus, cumulus and stratus, these names being derived from the Latin, and roughly described their general appearance. Captain Wilson Barker some years ago proposed a still simpler classification, regarding all clouds as belonging to one of two types: (1) The cumulus, or heap type; (2) the stratus, or large sheet type, including all forms save Howard's cumulus clouds; but the generality of meteorologists prefer the subdivisions of Howard. Highest of all clouds, the cirrus forms have also the greatest variety in extent, density

and altitude. The name cirrus, "parallel, flexuous or diverging fibres, extensible in all directions, the sailors' 'mare's tails,'" expresses also their form. Few illustrations give an adequate idea of the beauty of their forms. They are the first indications of coming change after a period of fine, settled weather, signs that this is to be followed by less favourable conditions. They appear to be composed of small ice or snow crystals in the upper air, whence their effects on haloes and other optical phenomena.

There is an extensive literature of "weather-lore" connected with their appearance, which the observer in the country may accept or reject according to his experience. Long ago their presence as forerunners of rain was remarked by Bacon, who says, "Feathery clouds, like palm branches or the fleur-de-lys, denote immediate or coming showers," referring to these cirrus clouds. The Scotch proverb says, "Streaky clouds across



C. E. Wanless.

NIMBUS.

Copyright.

the wind foreshow rain." We learn also from Theophrastus, the Greek writer, that "if in fair weather a thin cloud appears stretched in length and feathery, the winter will not end yet. The point of the compass towards which the threads or fibres of the 'cirro-filum' (thread-like cirrus) is directed has important bearings on weather changes. Thus 'a V point' North indicates improving weather to the South, but disturbances in the North and West, if directed East, settled weather in winter, in summer with high temperature it sometimes indicates disturbances and so forth." The next of the seven fundamental forms of clouds, the cirro-cumulus, is also a lofty cloud, though generally less high than the cirrus. It is of a more rounded form, often consisting of small detached masses, "like a flock of sheep," or sometimes compared to a shoal of mackerel, hence the name "mackerel sky," for which we have the proverb:

Mackerel sky and mare's-tails
Make lofty ships carry low sails.

It is probable that this cloud is formed from a cirrus, or number of separate cirri, whose fibres collapse and become



C. E. Wanless.

CIRRO-CUMULUS.

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small, roundish masses, either all at once or, more gradually, from end to end. Before thunder such clouds often appear in very dense and compact masses in close contact. Ozanam says in this connection, "We apprehend a future storm when we see several little black, loose clouds lower than the rest wandering to and fro, when at sunrise we see them gathered in the



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SUN GATHERING WATER.

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F. M. Sutcliffe.

A MACKEREL SKY.

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west; if, on the other hand, these clouds disperse, it bespeaks fine weather." Bacon refers to the same idea: "Fleecy clouds scattered over the sky denote storms."

The third form, cumulus, or "wool-pack," is the densest kind of cloud, formed in the lower regions of the atmosphere, unlike the cirrus and cirro-cumulus, which exist at much higher levels. Its lower surface is approximately plane, but its upper rises into hemispherical or conical heaps, which, in the words of Howard, "continue nearly of the same bulk or rapidly rise to mountains."

The variations in form of these clouds are often periodical during the course of the day in fair weather. They are formed some time after sunrise, attain their maximum size in the afternoon when it is hottest, after which they decrease, and disappear towards sunset. If, however, they increase rapidly, at the same time sinking downwards, and do not disappear by the evening, rain may be expected to follow. Such clouds are referred to by Bacon when he says, "A white loaded cloud, called by the ancients a white tempest, is followed in summer by showers of very small hail, in winter by snow."

Next to cumulus comes the stratus cloud, which, as its name implies, is one lying in horizontal layers or strata. Just as the cumulus may be called distinctively the "day cloud," so the stratus may be called the "night cloud," since it commonly owes its origin to the evening mists and dissipates towards morning. These clouds are commonly regarded as harbingers of fine weather — "there are few finer days in the year than when the morning breaks out through a disappearing stratus cloud" (Inwards).

The cirro-stratus clouds are defined by Howard as "horizontal or slightly inclined masses attenuated towards a part or the whole of their circumference, bent downwards, or undulated, separate, or in groups, or consisting of small clouds having these characters." Their form and position often suggests "shoals of fish." With them are often associated halos round the sun or moon, and since the clouds often precede wind and rain, these phenomena are commonly regarded as warnings of bad weather.

Longfellow, in "The Wreck of the Hesperus," makes a sailor say to the skipper:

I pray thee put into yonder port
For I fear a hurricane.
Last night the moon had a golden ring
And to-night no moon we see!



C. E. Wanless.

STRATUS CLOUDS.

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A nautical proverb says :

If clouds look as if scratched by a hen,
Get ready to reef your topsails then,

an allusion to the wind usually following.

The cumulo-stratus, Howard's sixth form, is a compound of cirro-stratus and cumulus, the former either resting on the top of the latter or crossing an isolated patch of it. It is commonly a forerunner of rain or snow, and is universally so regarded. "When at sea if the cumulo-stratus clouds appear on the horizon it is a sign that the weather is going to break up." These clouds may be, in fact, regarded as cumulus passing into the nimbus, or Howard's seventh form, the rain cloud.



C. E. Wanless.

THUNDER CLOUDS.

The name of nimbus may be loosely given to any cloud from which rain falls, and so may be applied to several different kinds differing somewhat in character. The compound cumulo-cirro-stratus is sometimes used, but is objectionable on account of its length. Abercromby also justifies the use of a separate descriptive term for the rain cloud, as follows : "The reason for making nimbus a class of its own comes from the fact that a sudden striking change comes over the look of the upper surface of a cloud the moment rain begins to fall." This may, perhaps, be due to electrical discharge at that time. Scattered patches or streaks of nimbus driving up from the south-west (the rain quarter in our latitudes) are often called by sailors "prophet

clouds," indicating wind. Longfellow, in "The Golden Legend," expresses the same idea :

Hark ! from the little village below us, the bells of the church are ringing for rain !

Priests and peasants in long procession come forth and kneel on the arid plain. They have not long to wait, for I see in the south upspringing a little cloud, That before the sun shall be set will cover the sky above us as with a shroud.

Bacon says, "If a little cloud suddenly appear in a clear sky, especially if it come from the west, or somewhere in the south, there is a storm brewing." In both Old and New Testament we find many similar allusions—"A little cloud out of the sea like a man's hand," the forerunner of a storm. "When ye see a cloud rise out of the west, straightway ye say, There cometh a shower ; and so it is" (St. Luke, xii., 54).

In addition to the seven principal forms which adequately describe ninety per cent. of all skies (Abercromby), a number of minor varieties may be distinguished, some of which are of importance as signs of coming change. At times before the approach of a cyclone, a blue sky becomes white, then grey, and then drizzling rain falls without the formation of any true clouds. This has been called by the Rev. Clement Ley "cirrus nebula," or "cirrus haze." He also distinguishes cirro-macula (speckle-cloud), which "nearly always occurs in warm weather, when the atmosphere at the earth's surface has but little lateral motion." The small detached clouds seen in rapid motion under any larger masses just before the precipitation of rain, are often called "scud," or sometimes fracto-cumulus. Before thunder-storms and squalls there is sometimes to be seen a long roll of narrow black cloud in rapid motion, and this form goes by the name of "cloud wreath." Fogs and mists are closely allied phenomena to clouds ; in fact, a cloud is really only an extensive fog existing at a greater altitude, and its formation is due to similar causes. Aqueous vapour rising from the ground and water surfaces, by evaporation, is in itself invisible, but becomes condensed in the form of minute droplets. These condensed particles have a tendency to collect on solid matter—dust, soot and minute mineral matter—floating in the air, and a fog is thus formed. The dense black fogs with which Londoners are only too familiar owe their character to the fragments of unconsumed coal dust and soot continually

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poured forth from thousands of chimneys, upon which as nuclei the water particles condense. It has been shown by the late Professor Tyndall and Mr. John Aitken that no fogs (possibly no clouds) can form in an atmosphere perfectly free from foreign particles by the condensation of aqueous vapour alone, and the latter has found that the presence of dust is absolutely necessary to the formation of rain. Every cloud is the visible top of a column of invisible water vapour, sometimes reaching from the ground upwards, part of which becomes condensed on reaching a colder stratum of air, and these collecting on solids (or perhaps liquid) particles appear as "clouds." The shallow stratus, cirro-cumulus and cirro-stratus clouds are

supposed to be due to the mixture of a layer of warm air with an underlying colder stratum. When one air current crosses another it raises waves in the latter; such aerial waves are indicated by the "mackerel sky," and the long rolls of dark cloud following one another at the rear of a storm, with showers and brighter intervals. The clouds round mountain tops, "cloud-hats" as they are called in Scotland, are due to the cooling produced by these latter causing condensation of part of the upward rising moisture. Though clouds are found at

all heights up to 30,000ft. from the ground, they may be roughly divided into high, medium and low. The cirrus, cirro-cumulus and cirro-stratus often exist at altitudes of 20,000ft. to 30,000ft., the cumulo-stratus and strato-cirrus forms at 12,000ft. to 15,000ft., while the cumulus-strata and nimbus are low forms, many being below 2,500ft. These altitudes, of course, vary somewhat with time and place, yet they serve to illustrate the principle that the formation of clouds tends to take place at a few definite levels widely separated from one another. F. W. HENKEL.

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

A FIND has been made by the Folklore Society. In Edinburgh lives a lady named Miss Frances Tolmie, who was born at Duirinish, Isle of Skye, in the year 1840, her father being tacksman of Uignish Farm. Her early days were spent at various other places in "MacLeod's Country," and she is thus able to say with truth that

My acquaintance with Gaelic poetry and music began with my life; and old songs are amongst my earliest recollections.

By the time she was grown up many of the conditions familiar to her infancy had changed. For example, the gatherings which used to be held in Bracadale for "waulking," or fulling, homespun cloth were being discontinued. They had been held, as a matter of course, from time immemorial, but, like many another custom that had endured for ages, this came practically to an end in the nineteenth century, when many of the hereditary tacksmen emigrated, the making of homespun was almost discontinued and the waulking songs that had been transmitted from father to son were rapidly being forgotten. Happily for us, it occurred to her to write down those she recollected and those her mother could recite. In the end she was induced to write out the collection, which is now published in the sixteenth issue of the *Journal of the Folklore Society* (Maclehose and Co.). It will delight historians and lovers of poetry as much as musicians and folklorists. For luckily the contents are mostly "songs of occupation" and belong to the *luinneag* class, as distinguished from the *laoidh* and the *oran mhor*. In other words, they are not the mighty masterpieces of a nation, but the ditties which labourers and others sang at their work. Here are the simple and yet natural and touching verses which mothers and nurses crooned over the cradle, and waulking songs, reaping songs, milking songs and rowing songs. They have been handed down by oral tradition in what is probably a matchless purity—thanks to the fact that the family piper was an important institution in every Highland family that claimed importance. The piper was more than a musician. He was the bard or prophet of the clan, often gifted with second sight, and the depositary not only of the tunes, but of the legendary lore of his patron's family. How long continued the oral tradition might be is illustrated by the fact that the MacVurich family for seventeen successive generations furnished bards to the Clanranald branch of the Macdonald family. But if there were no such circumstances, these songs possess intrinsic evidence of their primitive character. The tunes are such as wives and maidens half-unconsciously hum as they move about their work or soothe the baby to slumber, the images are such as would naturally occur to them, the language their own. It is to be most urgently hoped that some poetess with equal gifts of sympathy and lucidity will before long undertake the difficult but agreeable task of rendering these songs into English verse. No easy undertaking, for some of them are as delicate as balls of snow. The most patriotic Highlander, however convinced he may be of the age and purity of Gaelic, cannot expect that language to become generally "understood of the people," at least in our time. A prose translation is given in this book with each version, but it abounds with such lines as "in the state in which I am this night, I am satiated with sore weeping." But even in the husk of a Dictionary prose translation it is possible to see the kernel of many a delightful song. It would be difficult to select a better example than the first of the Cradle-Songs, which is Englished as follows:

1. Ere I return, ere I attain, ere I return from Uamh'n Oir.
2. The young of the goats will be goats of the crags, and the little calves become great kine.
3. Creel-bearing horses will be riding-steeds, and babes, borne in the bosom, men, bearing arms. But never more shall I return.

There is here an approach to the simple dignity of the Scriptures. A legend is told to account for the song, and was, no doubt, often repeated by the bard as his excuse for playing the engaging tune to which the words were sung. The gist of the tale is that

long ago, an exploring party accompanied by a piper entered this cavern, expecting to find a subterranean passage which should lead them in an easterly direction quite across the island to another cave bearing the same name of Uamh'n

Oir, near Monkstadt in Trotternish. Some hours after the men set out on this adventure, a woman sitting at the well of Tulach (Tobar Tulaich), near Harlosh, heard coming up through the water the voice of the piper, in despairing tones expressing a wish that he might have three hands—two for the bagpipe, and one for the sword with which to fight the monster that presumably overcame his companions and himself, who were never seen or heard of again.

His words are, they say, the essence of many lullabies in the simple ditty, which is rendered:

Believe them not, thou darling of thy mother! Believe not that I would forsake thee! If I go away to-day, I shall return to-morrow! Oh, believe not that I would leave thee!

We venture to offer rough versions of two of the lullabies which have been tried with the music. The first is "Siud a Leinibh," which is literally translated as:

Rock thee, O child! Rock to sleep, thou darling! Ere the birds begin to chirp thou wilt call. Thou wilt cry ere the cock will crow. Thou wilt cry ere the birds will sing. Rock thee, O child, etc.

It would take a poet to make poetry of this; but the following will at least indicate the rhythm of what the Editor suggests may be an old Norse lullaby tune:

Hush my baby, hush my dear,
Hush my baby, hush my dear,
Hush my baby, hush my dear,
When the birds chirp I shall hear
Your sweet call; ere cock crows clear
You cry. Hush darling, hush my dear,
As bird songs fall upon your ear
You cry, my baby cries, my dear!

The other is called "Ba-Ba, Mo Leanabh" (Sleep, sleep, my child), and is thus translated:

Sleep, my child! Sleep, oh sleep! And may the men return who have gone over the sea!

The rhythm is something like this:

Sleep, sleep, my baby, sleep my babe,
Sleep, sleep, my baby, sleep my babe,
The roamers will come to you and me
And homeward their sails set over the sea.

On this lullaby the following note is given:

In Capt. Fraser's *Collection of Highland Music* there is a variant of this air, under the same title—inferior, however, to this most beautiful and tender melody, which has the character of the rare and singularly expressive Phrygian Mode—a mode whose minor 2nd (like a descending leading-note) lends it a peculiar pathos. Cf. "Caoidh Mathar" and others in this present collection.—A. G. G.

In the waulking songs the most amusing belong to the improvisatory type, such as "The Irish Ship." It begins by asking who is to be taken on board the Irish ship, and this gives an opportunity of bringing in the name of one of the young men coupled with that of a woman old or young. A study of the reaping and rowing songs discloses many little touches which illustrate the outdoor life of old times. We are constantly being reminded of the cattle on the marshy lands, with the little calves following their dams, the sheep and the goats and the little kids round the fold being suckled, the bellowing oxen and the lowing cow, the delightful rural sounds and sights which have been subjects of pastoral verse.

IN THE MINOR KEY.

Poems of Men and Hours, by John Drinkwater. (David Nutt.)

Forty-two Poems, by James Elroy Flecker. (Dent.)

Songs of Joy and Others, by William H. Davies. (Fifield.)

WE have before us three dainty little books of verse by as many promising poets. They differ essentially from one another; but if they have a common factor, it is in the quiet and secluded character of their art. Mr. Drinkwater, who stands first on the list, is well known to our readers. There is no versifier whose contributions have been more noticed, and in this book he brings together the best of them. His poetry is that of stillness. We see him at his best in "January Dusk":

Earth's little weary peoples fall on peace
And dream of breaking buds and blossoming,
Of primrose airs, or days of large increase,
And all the coloured retinue of spring.

The town that he likes best is, naturally, Oxford :

To remember that thy shaping was the fruit of slow design
Long cherished by great builders who counted not the years :
To remember for our ruling the message that is thine—

"Who sows in haste and cunning shall reap in haste and tears."
Everywhere his verse is refined, cultured, sympathetic. He has already gone far, but it may safely be predicted that he will go further.

Mr. William H. Davies and his history are now familiar to our readers. The book of verses which he has called *Songs of Joy* will do nothing to diminish his reputation. There is in them the same melody, originality and that fine essence which defies analysis, but is called poetry. We shall quote two of his shortest pieces. The first is called "Fancy's Home" :

Tell me, Fancy, sweetest child,
Of thy parents and thy birth ;
Had they silk, and had they gold,
And a park to wander forth,
With a castle green and old ?

In a cottage I was born,
My kind father was Content,
My dear mother Innocence ;
On wild fruits of wonderment
I have nourished ever since.

The next illustrates in a high degree the peculiar quality of the poet's mind. It is what the eighteenth century verse-makers, with whom Mr. Davies must own kin, would have called a dainty conceit :

Where are you going to now, white sheep,
Walking the green hill-side ;
To join that whiter flock on top,
And share their pride ?

Stay where you are, you silly sheep :
When you arrive up there,
You'll find that whiter flock on top
Clouds in the air.

Mr. Flecker's spirited muse is held under the tight rein by the technique of which he is a master. The poet has travelled widely, both physically and mentally. With the East, as our readers might infer from the fine verses which we published last week under the title of "Yasmin," he has the fullest sympathy, and to read his poems is to see that he has searched for what is of kin to his own genius in many literatures. One of the most characteristic poems in the little book before us is "The War Song of the Saracens," a piece as picturesque as it is finished :

From the lands, where the elephants are, to the forts of Merou and Balghar,
Our steel we have brought and our star to shine on the ruins of Rum.
We have marched from the Indus to Spain, and by God we will go there again ;
We have stood on the shore of the plain where the Waters of Destiny boom.
A mart of destruction we made at Jalula where men were afraid,
For death was a difficult trade, and the sword was a broker of doom ;
And the Spear was a Desert Physician who cured not a few of ambition,
And drove not a few to perdition with medicine bitter and strong ;
And the shield was a grief to the fool and as bright as a desolate pool,

And as straight as the rock of Stamboul when their cavalry thundered along :
For the coward was drowned with the brave when our battle sheered up like
a wave,
And the dead to the desert we gave, and the glory to God in our song.

THE SMALL CRUISER.

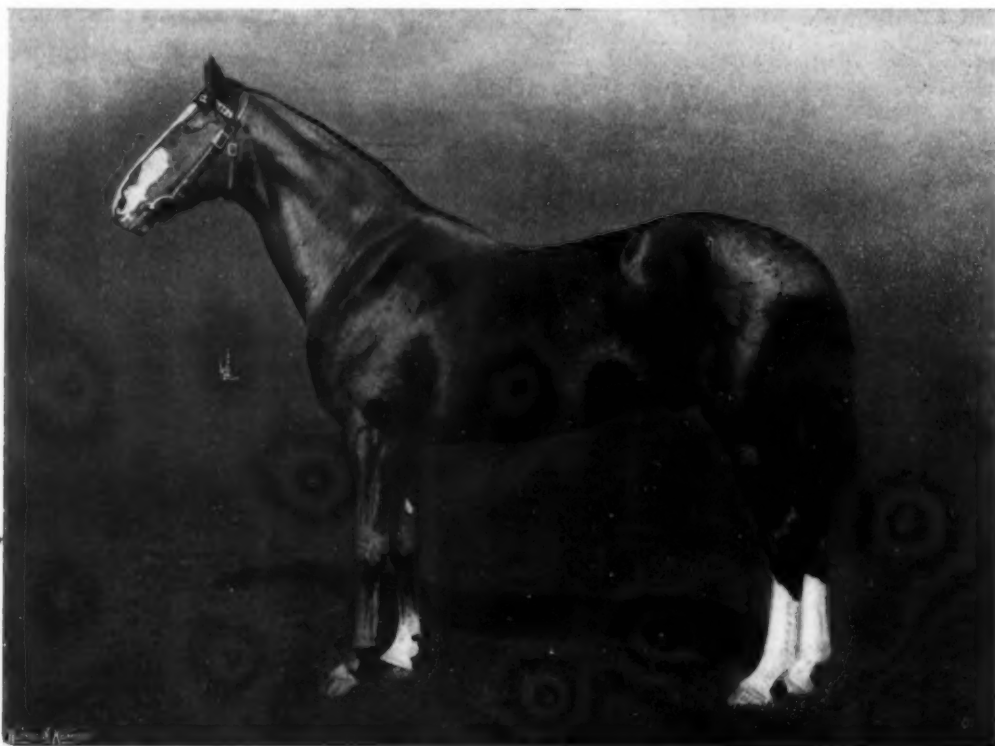
A Yachtswoman's Cruises and some Steamer Voyages, by Maude Speed. (Longmans.)

WHEN the "small cruiser" is ashore and his boat is laid up for the winter, he turns gladly to his own log-books and others for instruction and amusement. It is in this frame of mind that we have followed Mrs. Speed's short voyages. She has been across the Channel in a four-tonner, and all along the South Coast in various kinds of craft ; she has been over to Holland and the Zuyder Zee, and has made a mid-winter cruise in Belgium. Her log is pleasantly written, and there is an unflinching common-sense in her view of the matters with which she deals. Owners of small craft (and borrowers too) will rejoice in the opening chapter. It is strange, considering how easy it is for dwellers in an island to spend a week-end at sea, that a holiday is not spent in this way more frequently. "Hundreds of little cottages are now kept in the country for the Saturday to Monday visit, and for the annual holiday. Why not a small yacht instead ? It is no more expensive, no rates and taxes to pay, and it has the advantage of being movable." After a certain knowledge of practical seamanship has been gained from a competent sailor, a paid "hand" is unnecessary. "Delightful as cruising in large yachts undoubtedly is," the writer adds, "the real true flavour of the sport is reserved for those who cruise in small boats and do all their own work," and "one good bucketing in a boat alone will teach an intelligent man more than all he can learn of the art of boat-sailing from books." Mrs. Speed has also tried cruises in a dinghy which was converted into a steam launch ; and in big liners she has visited Norway, Morocco, Sicily, Lisbon and Greece. Of a different tone is the chapter on the Manacles, where the theme is the harvest that no man sows. This is a book for everyone who loves the sea, and sailing in a snoring breeze.

BOTANY BAY.

Captain Quadring, by William Hay. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

THIS is an excellent novel. It opens with a tragedy of convict life in Australia in the early days. The story is concerned with the fateful consequences of the reunion of two brothers whose earlier life together has led to mutual hatred and separation. Andrew Fairservice, the elder, a man of honour, but of narrow and implacable outlook, has, in revenge for a wrong done to him by his brother, sold their home in Devon and emigrated to Manalia, a penal settlement in Australia, where he has inherited a farm. He recruits his labour from the convicts in the station near. To this convict station, in due time, comes his younger brother, Henry Fairservice, as quarry master, and the little group of men to whom we are introduced are most ably drawn from the outset, and their environment stands out as clearly as do their separate individualities. The brothers inevitably meet, and, as inevitably, there is trouble between them. Andrew in an unguarded moment attempts his brother's life. Thinking Henry dead, he flees Hindanarsk Knob. His subsequent repentance, the ruse by which he regains his property, which in his absence has fallen into the hands of Henry—recovered and returned to the station under the name of Captain Quadring—Henry's death and his own romance are told with strength and conviction. Mr. William Hay is a thoughtful writer ; his book is well conceived and most admirably carried out.

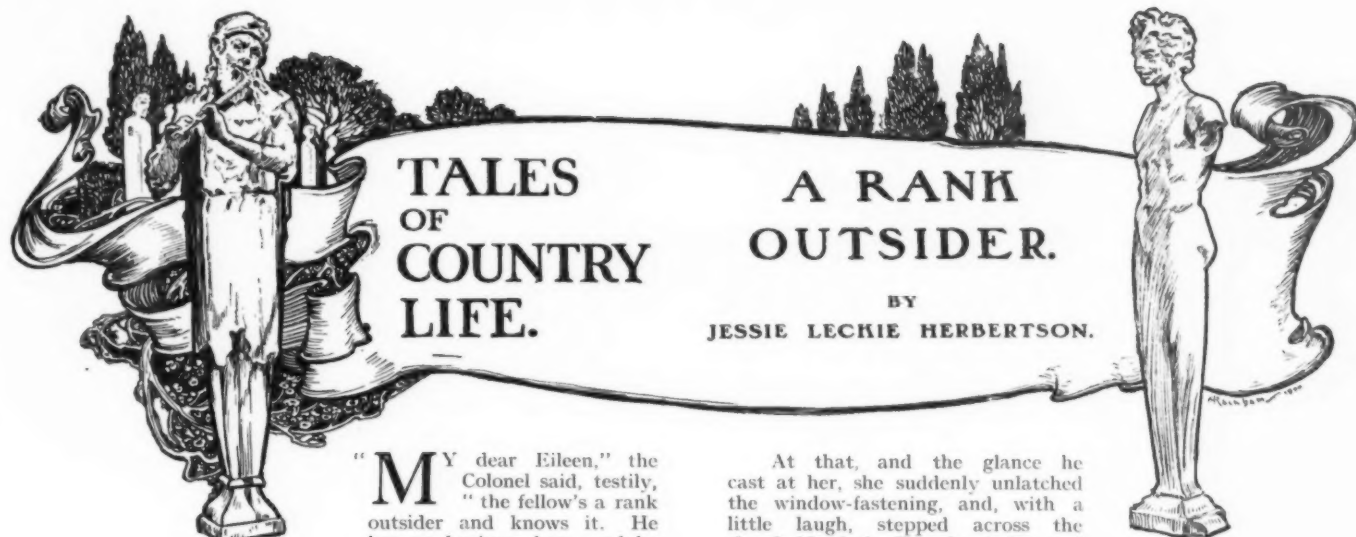


W. A. Rouch.

GALLINULE (Foaled 1884 ; died in 1912).

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The sire, among others, of *Pretty Polly* and *Princesse de Galles*, Gallinule was a great stud horse, his stock winning one year £31,000 in stakes—and in all 553 races worth more than a quarter of a million.



TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

A RANK OUTSIDER.

BY
JESSIE LECKIE HERBERTSON.

"MY dear Eileen," the Colonel said, testily, "the fellow's a rank outsider and knows it. He has no business here, and he knows that, too. I have a good mind to speak to Constance and tell her what a blackleg Anderton says he is; really, her good nature verges on folly." Then he walked to the window and stared out on the dripping trees and tearful sky. "This weather is the very devil," said he.

Eileen Jessel helped herself to a second spoonful of marmalade. With her beautiful head tilted slightly to one side she observed admiringly the clear orange yellow as she dropped it upon her plate. She asked at the same time, in a pensive tone, "Are you really going to heckle Aunt Connie over this, dad?"

Colonel Jessel hesitated. He took two or three choppy steps about the big cheerful breakfast-room, then came to a pause by his eldest daughter's side. "How tenacious you are, Eileen," he jerked out; "your poor dear mother over again."

"Tenacity of purpose is an excellent quality," said Eileen Jessel, setting her strong white teeth in the hard crust of a piece of burnt toast, and gazing contemplatively at nothing in particular. "As constant dripping of water wears away the stone, dad—"

The Colonel ejaculated, "Don't call me dad; it grates horribly. As to this young man whom Constance has picked up from heaven alone knows where—"

"From Bridgeland," said Eileen, readily.

"As for this young man, well, let Constance find out for herself what picking up promiscuous acquaintances really means; for my part, I wash my hands of her."

Eileen murmured, "That will be rather nice. The looker—"

But the Colonel had hastened from the room to join a little group of his sister-in-law's guests that had collected upon the terrace to discuss the promise of the day.

Eileen Jessel leaned back in her seat, closed her eyes and yawned heartily. When she opened them again she was not alone. Colonel Jessel's rank outsider was standing within the doorway staring at her without abashment. He said "Good-morning" when he caught her eye, in an insinuating tone which Eileen, knowing what he had already come through at the hands of several of the house party, found at once pathetic and exasperating. "May I join you?"

She answered, "Of course; though I have finished now, as you see." She added, rising and going to the window to glance at the little group on the lawn, "If I had said 'Certainly not,' I hardly see what you could have done."

Edward Cheedle paused in the act of helping himself to bacon. He regarded her a moment dubiously; then he laughed, "Ah! Oh, yes; but you wouldn't—didn't—you see."

She turned her straight back to the window, and, transferring her gaze from the well-bred group without to the under-bred young man within, said, "Why do you wear red ties and patent leather boots?" Her tone was as impersonal as her regard. She did not wait for an answer, but added, "Both are impossible."

He relinquished a firm hold on knife and fork to gaze at her. "Don't you like them?" he queried.

"I don't."

"Ah," said he, "I wasn't to know that."

She was for a moment dumfounded by something in his manner that made the words personal; then she brushed the ridiculous impression by. She pursued, "Why don't you wear what all the other men wear? It wouldn't make you so—conspicuous."

For a moment he bridled at the suggestion, which was to him not altogether unpleasing. "A touch of originality," said he, as one who quotes; but got no further, meeting her scornful eyes.

"A touch! Why, you're plastered with originality."

He murmured, crushed, yet subtly flattered, too, by her evident interest, an interest doubly appreciated because as yet no other woman of the party had deigned to acknowledge he did more than exist as a personage to whom a careless good-morning was due, "If you'd take me in hand."

"I shouldn't dream of doing anything so," she had been about to say "injudicious," but hesitated and substituted the word "impertinent."

"It would not be impertinent from you," said he.

At that, and the glance he cast at her, she suddenly unlatched the window-fastening, and, with a little laugh, stepped across the threshold of the French window and was gone.

"By Jove," said Edward Cheedle to himself, "she's a ripper; but it seems a chap's got to go slow."

Fortified by the conviction that he had made a conquest of "the handsomest of the whole bunch" of his hostess's guests, he spent a somewhat discouraging morning making advances to that young lady's father and an anecdotal M.F.H. "Beastly crew!" he stigmatised them when at the end of the day he found himself looking on at a score of couples dancing in the hall. "I'd like to wring the necks of the whole boiling of 'em."

There was a peppery company promoter, with a handle to his name, standing not far from where Cheedle had taken up his lonely quarters. He was watching the couples too. Cheedle heard him say to his hostess as Eileen Jessel went by on the arm of a tall young man with a big nose and a pleasant smile, his nephew, "Going to make a match of it, eh?"

Constance Jessel answered, "I wonder. Eileen is so strong-minded and independent, and nowadays girls keep their hearts close."

Her companion persisted, "He'll go far."

She said at once, in her good-natured way, "Of course he will. I'm sure—" Her roving eyes fell on Edward Cheedle. In spite of his attempt to appear a part of the gay throng, she realised, not for the first time that he was out of it all. She moved forward impulsively and laid a beautiful, slim hand on his arm and drew him back to where she stood with her companion. "Why aren't you one of them?" she asked.

For a moment wounded pride prompted the reply that he did not dance, but he resisted the temptation to perjure himself. He did dance, and well, and he knew it.

"We must find you a partner," said she; and, Eileen coming to a pause not far from her corner, she nodded to her an invitation. While Cheedle wrote his name on her niece's card she seized the opportunity to say to her companion, "Edward Cheedle is a born orator. He's standing in the bye for Bridgeland—against Anderton."

Eileen remarked to Cheedle, in a careless tone, not looking at him, "I thought perhaps you did not dance." Remembrance of his glance of the morning had returned to her with the sudden lightening of his face at her approach now. She thought, "I am not going to be so unkind as to flirt with him; it wouldn't be cricket."

She talked to her late partner, who had pertinaciously followed in her wake when she answered her aunt's signal, until the fiddles began to tune up again. Cheedle made no effort to join in the light badinage between them; he stood a little apart watching them in an oddly triumphant way that amused her. And, indeed, he was well content to stand by now and look on, knowing that in a moment he would surprise and enchant her with his one rare accomplishment; he knew himself a born dancer.

She danced well. He had noticed that. He had noticed, too, that her partner, John Eynsham, was clumsy in his movements. They had twice made the circuit of the room when Eileen said, suddenly, "Let us stop. That was heavenly. Why did you not ask me before?"

He ejaculated, "Ah, you liked it. There's not one of them here could give you that if they tried, eh?"

She murmured, her gaze on the room, "I can't keep you to myself, it would be selfish; all the women will be envying me." Her swift glance appraised him anew.

He said, bluntly, "All these women are doing their level best to persuade themselves and me that I don't exist." And at her startled exclamation he made a sharp clicking sound in his throat.

She rose at that, the spell of the last few moments effectually dissipated, and almost imperceptibly signalled to John Eynsham to rescue her.

His gaze, sharpened by his emotions, which momentarily her beauty and friendliness had quickened, caught the signal. He said, roughly, "Why don't you tell me I've no more to give you, instead of calling that jackanapes to you?"

She hesitated. It was clearly her duty to put him in his place and leave him there, once and for all; but something in his look, his eyes, his bearing, something she could not in spite of herself ignore, betrayed to her the smallness, the pettiness of such an act. Her eyes met his. "Don't," she said; "it's not *really* like you." She held out her hand, frankly, gallantly—but she did not again dance with him.

Later the Colonel said to her as he bade her good-night, "I was never more astounded in my life than when I saw you whirling round the room in the arms of that bouncer of Constance's. Considering our conversation of the morning—"

"I know, dad." Her tone was apologetic. Already she was beginning to wonder at herself. "But he danced well."

The Colonel snorted; then he said, "Don't turn his head, my dear; that would be a most unsportsmanlike thing to do."

"Why, dad?" The question was ingenuous. She began to count the buttons on his coat, touching each in turn, "Tinker, tailor, soldier—"

He drew himself away, highly indignant. "Why? Because I say so! I repeat—most unsportsmanlike."

She began to laugh. "You're so funny, dad," cried she, "and no one but me has ever told you so." Then she kissed him lightly on one ear and hastened away along the corridor with a rustle of silken skirts.

Colonel Jessel stood still for quite a moment staring after her. "Her poor, dear mother over again," said he. He sighed. Eileen was the eldest of his three daughters, and the last to find a suitor. He mourned her difficult taste; it deferred the day when he should be able to retire upon an honourable widowhood and sun himself in some pleasant backwater of life. "She'll go through the wood once too often and end by having to content herself with a crooked stick," added he.

A few days later Colonel Jessel and his daughter moved on to Darnham and Edward Cheedle to Bridgeland to engage in the now imminent fray between Anderton and himself. In the meantime he had made Eileen the *confidante* of his political hopes and fears; also he had made her remarkable. "Of course Anderton will put up a good fight," said he. "But the gov'nor left me pots of money; and at Bridgeland they're for the son of Joe Cheedle to a man."

She looked straight back at him, and, as she did so, she thought that it was quite possible that, in Bridgeland, they were for the son of Joe Cheedle for his own sake. But she did not voice her suspicion; the giving of an inch to him meant his taking an ell. "Pots of money!" said she.

He flushed; then he retorted with hardihood, "That's what you call—blatant, isn't it?"

She prevaricated. "Oh, I don't know; we're so touchy about things like that."

"We!" His persistence was disheartening.

She remembered the Colonel had called him a rank outsider behind his back and the company promoter almost to his face. Now she. "I'm sorry," said she.

He beamed on her; she was real grit all through, and he would yet show her!

They travelled as far as Rugby in the same carriage. The Colonel, after vainly attempting to make himself passably agreeable to the young man, went so far as to leave him alone with his daughter while he seized the opportunity to seek an acquaintance in another compartment. Cheedle did not make use of his opportunity to ask her to marry him. Eileen Jessel was a little surprised; perhaps she was disappointed too; though, of course, she would have said *no*.

He lingered till the last moment at Rugby talking to her, the Colonel, who had returned, looking on. "I think Constance has had her lesson, eh, what?" he said, when the young man had at last torn himself away.

But Eileen was perverse. She answered, her eyes still on the diminishing figure, "I think everyone behaved abominably to him, dad, if that's what you mean." Then she crossed her feet, and, knitting her handsome brows, sat for some moments staring at the floor of the carriage. Only to announce at length, as a result of her cogitations, "I rather—liked—him."

Colonel Jessel bounded off his seat. He glared at his daughter. "Liked him," said he. "That unspeakable—!" Then, promptly laying hands upon parental authority and common-sense, "Don't let me hear his name upon your lips again."

She stole a glance at him, hardy and speculative, and nodded to herself twice. "Of course not, dad, since you wish it," she murmured.

He pursued, having looked for opposition and failed to meet with it, "I don't know what the women are coming to nowadays! They admit to their drawing-rooms—!" He choked, while his eyes, following those of his daughter, found the face of Edward Cheedle at the window again. "Lost my connection," said he, cheerily, "so came to see you off."

Within the carriage the Colonel said, "Damn!" The word in the outside clatter was lost on Cheedle; but, perceiving the Colonel had seemed to speak, and encouraged by his late unbending, he gave him a nod. The train began to move; he stepped back, still smiling.

Eileen, impulsively, leaning from the window, called back to him, "Good luck to you."

She glanced at the Colonel as she withdrew her head. She said, firmly, "You said yourself a moment ago, dad, it did no harm to be agreeable at parting—since we are unlikely to see him ever again."

The Colonel seized a paper and retired behind it.

Eileen abandoned herself to a thorough investigation of the question why Cheedle had not given her the opportunity of saying *no*.

The Colonel and Eileen saw nothing of the young man for the next few weeks, and he passed from the mind of Eileen's father as if he had never been. Eileen did not as easily forget him; a strain of perversity inherited, the Colonel would have said, from her mother's side of the house, fixed his image firmly in her mind. Though she corresponded with her aunt, she heard no more of him from that quarter; it was as if the earth had opened and swallowed him.

"And he was *plastered* with originality," Eileen told herself, with mingled regret and scorn, on such occasions as her thoughts turned his way. These occasions were not infrequent. *Why* had he not, as all the women had solemnly warned her he would, proposed?

The Colonel was growing desperate. He had laboured hard to attain his end: the final settlement of this wilful daughter and the consequent realisation of his own dreams. He had laboured so hard, indeed, that Eileen had been set upon the track of his intentions and those of John Eynsham, his willing accessory. After that, mention of John Eynsham received scant courtesy at her hands. "His rose is so big," she said, "and his smile—"

The Colonel, who considered that smile, when judiciously held in check, a valuable asset in the young man's future—though at times it got upon his own nerves—answered, "He is a young man who is going to do himself, and the woman he marries, well."

"I'm glad I'm not going to be that woman," said Eileen, carrying the war into the enemy's camp. She had come into the Colonel's den to pay him a visit before setting out for Aunt Connie's, that lady being now in town. She went to one of the mirrors set on each side of the fire in recesses of the wall. She carefully removed half-a-dozen hatpins and set her hat at a more becoming angle before she added, "John Eynsham bores me. You know exactly what he is going to say before he says it, and he always says it in the same way."

Colonel Jessel replied with conviction, "These are the men who make the best husbands."

Eileen exclaimed, "Oh, dad! And you yawned three times straight in his face last night when you were discussing the Feeding and Fertiliser Act!"

The Colonel looked guilty. "The Feeding and Fertiliser Act, my dear, is not a very enlivening subject for conversation," said he.

"I know a man who could make even the Feeding and Fertiliser Act sound pleasantly in your ears," said Eileen, "but I may not mention his name."

Colonel Jessel was mystified. He had long since forgotten Edward Cheedle, even to his name, which might now without offence, as far as he was concerned, have been shouted upon the housetops. He said expectantly, marking the colour in her cheeks, "You might introduce him, my dear—some new acquaintance?"

Eileen Jessel for a moment looked thoughtful; then she said, "All right, dad; I'll be seeing him to-day at Aunt Connie's. It's the new member for Bridgeland." And almost immediately turned towards the door, fearful lest the Colonel, putting two and two together, should recognise prematurely in the person of the new member for Bridgeland an old enemy. For the member for Bridgeland was none other than Edward Cheedle; and Aunt Connie, who, at Cheedle's request, had refrained during the weeks of his candidature from mentioning his name to her niece, had to-day sent a little note, "Do come this afternoon and meet the new member for Bridgeland, Edward Cheedle. Everyone's taking him up, as I said they would. He has fulfilled, and more than fulfilled, my expectations; his agent's enthusiastic, and his constituency, too. He's going to be a person to be reckoned with in the House. Of course, he's head over ears in love with you; anyone could see that from the beginning. He says he owes everything to you."

Eileen thought the last sentence rather impertinent; but it was not going to keep her away! Perhaps it was because it was so impertinent that she paused a second time on her way to the door, this time to cast a bomb at her unsuspecting parent. She said, gallantly, defiantly, too, "His name's Cheedle; he's Edward Cheedle."

The Colonel said, opening the door for her, and following her into the hall, "A quite plebeian name. It sounds familiar, too. Cheedle!"

Eileen perceived her fears had been groundless. As she drove away she considered the nice point whether it were her duty or not to refresh the Colonel's memory as to the identity of the new member for Bridgeland. "It's a case of giving a dog a bad name and hanging him," she said, "And Anderton, of course, was speaking in the heat of party feeling when he said—!" But her recollections were abruptly put to one side at the sight of the fare in a taxi that had come to a halt a few paces ahead at Aunt Connie's door. Edward Cheedle paid his man and then waited on the pavement for Eileen.

She held out a hand to him.

He said, "Well! So you are here!"

The words might have meant anything or nothing.

Eileen Jessel knew they invited her precipitately to settle their respective positions. She stood for a moment, thinking fast; then she said, "I'm glad you have not forgotten me."

"You knew I shouldn't do that."

She did not deny it; it was pleasant to know suddenly that she had known it quite well; though all the time she had been pretending to herself. She looked straight at him. "I knew you could do it," she said.

He nodded. He did not ask her to explain.

They went forward together. The room was full of people, chattering and laughing. "Let us find a corner," said he, as they drifted away from their hostess. "There's a seat by that window. I've wanted to see you. I—" He had vowed to himself he was going to rush this; but the rushing wasn't going to be easy. He wondered if, after all, she had just been playing—some women did.

She allowed him to draw forward a seat for her; and for a moment he did not speak, looking at her with bright, musing eyes; not at all discreetly, because, with his back to the room, none but she could see his face, and she had not yet vouchsafed an upward glance.

Suddenly he said, "Is it yes or no?" The words were jerked from him in something of his old manner. He checked himself when he had uttered them, seemed to reconsider, and then said, "You knew I wanted you that day we travelled down from Drayton to Rugby. You were afraid I was going to ask you then. You

would have said no." His tone was hardy, but it did not conceal his emotion.

Eileen thought; then she said simply, "Yes—I think so. It's yes now."

He hesitated, holding her gaze, struck by a new, an illuminating conviction, "Why—" The deepening colour in her cheeks was wonderful, and her gallant air stirred the pulses. "By Jove," said he, "you're far too good for me. You don't know—"

But she stopped him. "Please don't," she cried. He had asked her to marry him, and she had said yes; she had meant to say yes all along; she wanted him to fully understand that; she wanted him to fully understand everything. Soon her whole world would be buzzing about her ears. The Colonel—. "You'll have to finesse, not bluff, dad," said she.

He beamed on her, discreetly laying a hand upon that of her's that hung close to him beside her chair. He was oblivious, as ever, to the position, after all; and to prove it: "We weren't such bad pals at parting," said he, rapidly recovering himself. "And they say I'm going to wake 'em up in the House."

He gazed down upon her with unchastened pride as she rose. "To think that I've cut out the whole crew," said he, reminiscently; "not excepting old Dalston's nephew who dubbed me, practically to my face, a rank outsider."

MUSEUM BIRD GROUPS AT NEW YORK

IN a review of Mr. Frank Chapman's "Camps and Cruises of an Ornithologist," in a recent issue, attention was drawn to the fact that Mr. Chapman's fieldwork, although highly interesting in itself, was simply a preparatory step towards the establishment of the remarkable series of habitat bird groups now exhibited in the American Museum of Natural History in New York. Before considering the groups themselves it is well to realise that the last twenty years have produced a new type of American, quite distinct from the old-fashioned American of English literature. The leading Universities are turning them out in hundreds every year, men who refuse to spend their lives in city offices in pursuit of wealth, but turn rapidly to an outdoor life and have exactly the same taste for sport and natural history that is to be found in the country-born Briton. They have, moreover, much more scope for the exercise of this taste than the Briton, as there are still undeveloped areas of great size on the American Continent.

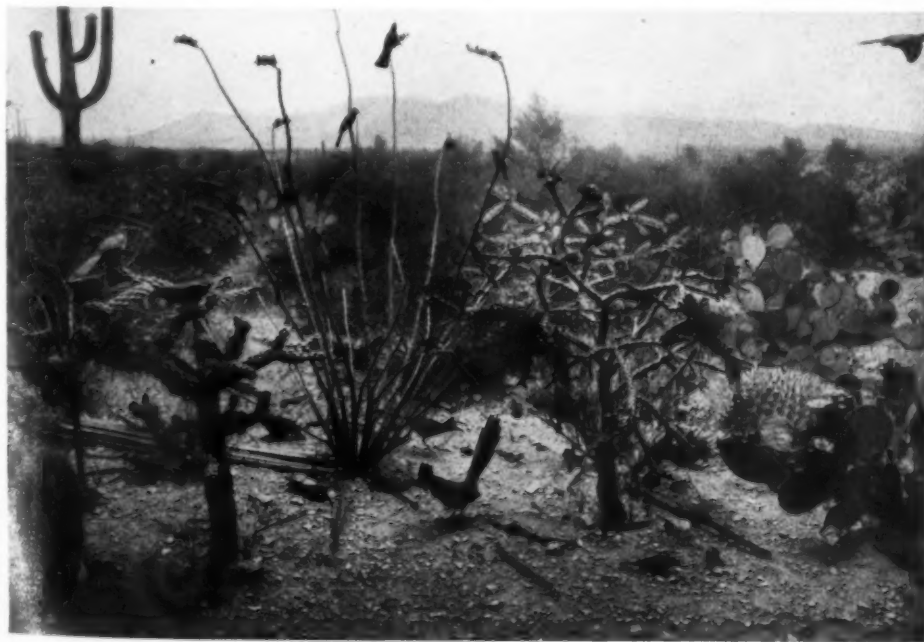
Many years must pass before the knowledge of the natural history of so vast a country can be brought to the high pitch of exactness which has been proved



SUMMER BIRD-LIFE, COBBS ISLAND, VIRGINIA.

possible in the British Isles only after a long period of constant study by highly capable men, who are not hampered by the necessity for making a living by clearing the forest or starting industries conducive to the development of a new country.

Naturally, the Western States are the most attractive part of the Continent to the educated outdoor American of the present day. He is to be found in the mining districts and in the survey camps of projected mountain railways, on the cattle ranges of Wyoming and in the logging camps of the Pacific Coast, leading a life of physical activity with his eyes always open to take notice of bird or beast. As a rule he commands respect among the uneducated classes, and has already done good service in making the Westerner understand the necessity of preserving animal life instead of dealing death to everything that breathes. To these, then, is largely due the credit of having created an interest in natural history which is spreading rapidly through all classes of the American people, assisted greatly by a popular President who, during a long period of office, missed no opportunity of encouraging a taste for an open-air life and the study of the animal world.



CACTUS DESERT BIRD-LIFE, ARIZONA.

Most fortunately for the museums, this interest quickly affected the rich men of the Eastern cities, who during the last few years have come forward with immense sums of money to be spent at the discretion of the directors of various museums in making natural history popular with the general public. They have not waited till death deprived them of the pleasure of seeing the result of their liberality, but many of them take a practical personal interest in the actual work of collection and preparation. In this way only has it been possible for the New

York Museum to carry its ambitious plans to a successful issue, and it is evident that without extraneous aid of this sort our South Kensington Museum must in future fall behind the American institutions as far as the popular or spectacular side of natural history is concerned. Regarded as a comprehensive collection of specimens, or as a place of scientific research for the student, our museum can hold its own for many years to come; but to make a museum popular and educative, the specimens must, wherever possible, be represented among their natural surroundings. A crowded collection of birds or animals conveys little impression of the reality, except to a man who knows these creatures in their own haunts and can fill in the blanks for himself.

The authorities of the South Kensington Museum have been well aware of this fact for many years, as is clearly shown by



WHITE HERON OR EGRET, SOUTH CAROLINA.
(Habitat Group in the American Museum of Natural History.)

the arrangement of the birds on the ground floor, which has provided much pleasure and instruction to millions of people. The trustees of the New York Museum, with the aid of the money at their disposal, have carried out this scheme to its full extent, and instead of being satisfied with the display of a pair of birds with nest and eggs and a small piece of the immediate surroundings, have constructed rooms of some size, which, by the combined labour of the collector, the taxidermist and the artist, they have converted into an exact reproduction, of from sixty

square feet to one hundred and sixty square feet, of the ground adjacent to the nests. The backgrounds are not painted in from fanciful sketches, but, as the guide-book tells us, "they are careful studies from nature of definite localities and, therefore, possess a geographical as well as an ornithological value. When selecting subjects for treatment, an effort was made to include the birds of widely diversified types of country, in order that the series as a whole should portray not only the habits of certain American birds, but America as well. The museum owes this series primarily to the generosity of a number of its members, without whose contributions the collection and preparation of the material would not have been undertaken."

The result has certainly been worth the labour. The groups approach so nearly to reality that the visitor at once forgets that he is in the middle of one of the world's great cities.



FLAMINGO COLONY, BAHAMAS.



WHITE PELICAN, KLAMATH LAKE.

and finds himself on a shell-strewn beach facing the Atlantic with the shore waves breaking at the edge of the sand in the distance. In the foreground is a colony of nesting terns and other beach-frequenting birds of the district. Careful observation is needful to discover all the eggs, which closely resemble their surroundings, and the full details are not to be appreciated at the first glance. The lighting is well arranged to make the most of the effect, and chairs are provided for visitors who really wish to examine the various groups carefully.

Another room shows a cactus desert and its bird-life, surprising in the brilliancy of bird and flower, the cardinal bird being especially prominent. This bird, we are told in the books, is plentiful in the deserts of Arizona and Mexico, and the statement leaves upon the mind a vague impression of a bright red bird sitting upon a heap of sand, utterly out of keeping with its surroundings; but with the desert thus spread out before us

in all the beauty of flowering cactus, we can see that the cardinal bird and others of bright plumage quite fit in with the general appearance of this particular district. The making of the vegetation for this group, says the guide-book, "called for unlimited skill on the part of the preparator. Every joint of cactus shown is a fac-simile reproduction of the original. Before making the plaster moulds every one of the hundreds of spines was carefully removed. After the cast had been taken from the mould (the opuntia in wax, the others in plaster), they were coloured from field studies of growing plants, and the original spines were then set up in their proper positions.

The group of American egrets in a Southern Carolina cypress forest makes us realise the horrors of the plume trade more forcibly than any written description. We can readily imagine the destruction wrought by the "plumer" lying in wait at the foot of a tree and the consequent death from starvation



BROWN PELICAN, FLORIDA.

of the young in the nest. We are told that "the plumes or 'aigrettes' for which this heron and its near relations, inhabiting the warmer portions of the world, have been slaughtered, are worn by both sexes. They are acquired prior to the nesting season, and constitute the birds' wedding costume, to be displayed as the pose of the bird in the group indicates. As the season advances and they become frayed and dirty they are shed. Aigrettes are to be secured, then, only during the period of reproduction, and this fact, added to the heron's communal habits, accounts for the surprising rapidity with which the birds have been brought to the verge of extinction. Concealed in the rookery it is a simple thing to shoot the parents as they return with food for their young; and in the early days of 'pluming' it was not unusual for a man to kill several hundred birds at a sitting. It will be observed that the plumes grow only between the shoulders where a circular cut of the knife 'scalps' the bird by removing the skin to which the forty or fifty aigrettes are attached."

Another striking group depicts a flamingo colony in the Bahamas, a sight not to be seen without much trouble and risk of disappointment, as these birds are influenced in their choice of a nesting-ground by the level of the water, which varies greatly in different seasons. In this particular colony two thousand flamingos were nesting during the month of May, 1904. A representation of the Lower Klamath Lake and its bird-life is, perhaps, the most picturesque of the groups, showing white pelicans, terns, gulls and cormorants in the foreground, with a wide expanse of the shallow lake and a background of the smaller Californian ranges, from which Mount Shasta rises in lonely grandeur. It is well that this sight should have been thus put on record, as the Lower Klamath Lake is doomed

to disappear with its birds by the action of the Government Reclamation Service. By the draining of the lake two hundred and sixty thousand acres of arable land will be open for settlement, and the birds must seek a new country suitable to their habits. The naturalist would prefer the lake and the birds to the prosperous farms which will, no doubt, produce full crops in the rich lake-bed, but it is a clear case of wild life having to give way to the needs of man. Some consolation is afforded by an examination of the group showing the summer bird-life, not, however, shown here, of the San Joaquin Valley. A new lot of birds have appeared with the introduction of water into the desert. To quote once more from the guide-book, "The desert plants are replaced by *Sagittaria*, *Ranunculus*, tulés and cat-tails, and the desert birds give way to a remarkable assemblage of water birds, whose local distribution is governed by the presence or absence of water."

The brown pelican group shows the nesting-ground of this kind on an island in the Indian River, Florida, and gives a realistic picture of the mangrove swamps of the South, which can never be made of any value for cultivation, and with strict preservation should afford a refuge for aquatic birds for many years to come.

There are other groups, too numerous to mention in detail, and the whole collection gives the visitor the impression that everything possible has been done to reproduce Nature's handiwork. Its educative value has been so fully proved that the museum authorities are considering the feasibility of establishing habitat groups of mammals, a scheme which opens up great possibilities, of which American naturalists with ample funds at their disposal will not fail to take advantage.

WARBURTON PIKE.

PEWTER AND ITS ANA.

ONE of the most interesting parts of Mr. A. de Navarro's recent book is the essay dealing with the "Evolution of the Tankard" and its manufacture in various materials. Another interesting part is that on "Salts." The short chapter on "Spoons" helps to supplement the monograph on "Base Metal Spoons," by F. Hilton Price, by giving some apposite antiquarian details, and that on "Trenchers" will be a revelation to those who associate the word with nothing else but platters made of wood.

spoon-handle is not a kind of rudimentary fork. Another interesting quotation is on page 67. It runs: "two pewter plates to sett under the said fflagon upon the Colon Table to preserve the Cloth and Carpett from spillings of wine." It is, as Mr. de Navarro says, "a very natural, indeed obvious use, but evidently too commonplace an explanation for eyes questing for subtle revelation."

Another fact that is mentioned, viz., the existence of so many of the "rose-water dishes of the time of Charles I. goes to prove that they were intended as alms-dishes in most cases." The date



SET OF CHARLES II. TANKARDS.

The keynote of these Causeries is what the author calls the "human interest," or the intimate relation of the various articles made in pewter to the users of them and the circumstances of their daily life. Pewter collecting viewed from this point of view should be doubly interesting. In writing his essays primarily for his own circle of friends, Mr. de Navarro had an immense advantage over the writer who is tied down to write a certain number of thousands of words within a definite time, and in such a way that the book, when written, has to fall into line with a series.

The book should interest others besides the lover of pewter, for it abounds with scraps of antiquarian lore. One such quotation on page 31 in a note mentions a bequest of "my spoon with a fork in the end," and it makes one wonder if, after all, the *pied de biche*

(1625) on those in the church of St. Katharine Cree rather points to their having been given at the accession of Charles I. to that church. The references to the pewter and other sacramental plate of the Persecution days are of more than passing interest. In fact, the three chapters on "Church Flagons," "Chalices" and "Patens" contain a large amount of valuable information in a most convenient form.

The chapter on "Entourage" is good, and I agree cordially with it, except that I fail to see why "the modernity of the London of to-day is too permanent and universal to admit of the reinstallation of so humble a ware as pewter." The art of the pewterer practically went out in the Early Victorian days, and was scheduled as a "lost" art at the time of the Great Exhibition of 1851; but within the last year or two the Board of Trade have insisted on

a very high standard of quality for tankards and measures, and fix ten per cent. of lead as the legal maximum. The same authority insist on the pewter being stamped by the maker, and in this are doing by a mere stroke of the pen what the Pewterers' Company in bygone days found it could not effect in any way even by enforcing its former right of search. It is, after all, not so much a question of modernity as of fashion and the desire for sham gentility. If Britannia metal had not come in, pewter would have lingered on a little longer, till such times as earthenware and stoneware, with the variety of garish decoration so called, should give the death-blow.

Is Mr. de Navarro quite sure about the casting of the handles in one piece? My own experience is that the modern makers cast their handles in this way, but in two halves. These halves are subsequently joined together by solder. Children's toys, such as teapots, are, of course, cast in the way that he describes.

The illustrations are, indeed, excellent, for pewter, like silver, is not easy to photograph. They show all the detail in a wonderful degree.

H. J. L. J. MASSE.

"CAUSERIES ON ENGLISH PEWTER," by Antonio de Navarro. (COUNTRY LIFE Library.)

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

WILD GESE IN SUSSEX.

THE arrival of wild geese in our Sussex marshes is generally regarded by the country people as a presage of hard winter. In the last week of November, during the cold snap which prevailed for a few days, seven white-fronted geese were seen on the huge stretch of flat shingle, known locally as "The Crumbles," which lies between Pevensey Bay and Eastbourne. On this stretch marshy ponds occur, to which wildfowl are often attracted. A friend of mine went after the geese, but just failed to get within shot. This goose, the white-fronted, sometimes known as the laughing goose (from its curious note), and the bald goose, is the most familiar of the wild geese when hard weather prevails on the South and South-West Coasts, but is by no means common upon the East Coast. It is a smaller bird than the grey-lag, measuring in good specimens twenty-seven or twenty-eight inches, and weighing from six and a-half to seven pounds. The name of this bird is obviously taken from the broad and conspicuous white band encircling the base of the bill. It is a handsome goose, and the remarkable black bars across the breast and the white marking at the base of the bill render it easy to be singled out. Unlike the grey-lag, this goose never breeds within



AN EARLY CHARLES II. TANKARD.

the British Islands, its nesting home being, for the most part, far north in Europe and Asia, as well as in Iceland and Greenland. In the hard winter of 1894-95 these wild geese were plentiful on Pevensey Marshes, and were so reduced by hunger that they actually came into the farmyards in search of food. They were, however, at this time so poor in condition that at least one farmer of my acquaintance declined to waste powder and shot on them. Like the grey-lag, this wild goose is pretty good eating, though nothing like so palatable as a well-fed domesticated Michaelmas goose. The best-flavoured wild goose with which I am acquainted is the spur-wing goose of Africa, which, even with the inferior culinary appliances of the hunting veld, is a really excellent table bird.

OLD-TIME GOOSE-SHOOTING.

Mr. Grantley Berkeley, in his "Reminiscences of a Huntsman," gives some amusing anecdotes of wild goose-shooting at Berkeley Castle during the lifetime of his father, the Earl of Berkeley. This was in the earlier part of the last century. The old lord preferred for this kind of sport old-fashioned long-barrelled guns, which punished the visitors terribly who shot with them. These guns were after the pattern of a fearsome weapon used by a noted goose-stalking Roxburghshire blacksmith, which upon every discharge completely floored its owner, who usually lay for some time insensible after pulling off. The Berkeley guests, in the old Lord Berkeley's time, were, if they were intent on shooting white-fronted geese, condemned to the use of a flint-lock gun having a five feet eight inch barrel and a bell mouth. "Generally," says Grantley Berkeley, after a drive of geese "one or two of the guests were seen with bloody noses and holding their right arms in hideous positions, as if their shoulders were out. One or two wounded men were always seen in this dilapidated state, lying in the mud, their hats flown off and gone to sea, and the engine which they had let off sticking upright on its muzzle. 'Measter So-and-so,' asks a sly old keeper, 'what be the matter with you?' 'Oh,' replies the guest, with a suppressed groan, 'my shoulder's out.' 'No 'teant,' says the keeper, scratching his head and apparently ruminating on the scene, 'they do all zay so, as do shoot wi' her, but I never knowed none an 'em but what got well by dinner-time!' " Truly our sporting ancestors were hardy folk! Grantley Berkeley

shot with an eleven-bore double Manton and was out of favour with his Spartan father in consequence. Wild geese at Berkeley are still plentiful between October and March; but in Berkeley's time they were to be seen in enormous numbers. "A very strange sight it is," he says, "to see on those rich grazing meadows, which carry immense droves of cattle, thousands of wild geese mingled with cows and oxen."

H. A. BRYDEN.



CROMWELLIAN STANDING-SALT.



THE earlier history of Moor Park and its perished Jacobean gardens, given in our last issue, was too long to enable the record of successive owners of both manor and park to be printed there, and it is now given as an interesting example of the rapid changes in possession that mark the story of so many great estates in the Home Counties:

LIST OF OWNERS OF MOOR PARK AND MANOR.

Abbey of St. Albans
 Sir Ralph Boteler, 1456,
 George Nevil, Archbishop of York; confiscated 1471,
 The Crown, granted it in 1472 to
 John de Vere, Earl of Oxford, who died 1513, when
 The Crown resumed it and Henry VIII. granted it to
 Cardinal Wolsey, c. 1524—1529, on whose fall the Crown granted it temporarily to
 John, first Earl of Bedford, 1529—1551,
 The Crown and the Duchy of Lancaster, after holding it 1551—1576, granted it to
 Francis, second Earl of Bedford, 1576,
 Edward, third Earl of Bedford,
 Lucy, widow of third Earl, sold in 1626 to
 William, third Earl of Pembroke, on whose death it devolved in 1630 on
 Philip, fourth Earl, who sold in 1631.

The MANOR to
 Sir Chas. Harbord, who sold in
 1655 to

Sir Richard Franklyn, who sold in
 1672 to
 Sir William Bucknall, from whom it
 passed in turn to
 Sir John Bucknall, died 1711,
 William Bucknall, died 1746,
 John Askell Bucknall, died 1796,
 Hon. William Grimston (nephew),
 died 1814,
 Hon. Harbottle Grimston (brother),
 died 1823,
 Mrs. Estcourt (sister), died 1829,
 T. G. B. Estcourt (son), died 1853,
 Rt. Hon. T. H. S. Sotherton Est-
 court, who sold it in 1866 to

Robert, first Lord Ebury.

The PARK to
 Robert Cary, Earl of Monmouth, after
 whom came in 1639
 Henry, Earl of Monmouth, who sold
 in 1652 to
 Sir Richard Franklin, who sold in
 1663 to
 James, first Duke of Ormonde, who
 sold in 1670 to
 James, Duke of Monmouth, after
 whose execution in 1685 it was
 re-granted by James II. to
 Anne Duchess of Monmouth and
 Buccleuch, who sold in 1720 to
 B. H. Styles, who died in 1739, and
 the Court of Chancery sold in
 1754 to
 Lord Anson, who, dying in 1762, was
 succeeded by
 Thomas Anson, who sold in 1763 to
 Sir Laurence Dundas, succeeded in
 1781 by
 Sir Thomas D. Dundas, Lord Dundas,
 who sold in 1785 to
 Thomas Bates Rous, died 1799,
 whose widow sold in 1801 to





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THE HALL CEILING.

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A DOORWAY IN THE HALL.

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OWNERSHIP OF THE PARK (continued)

Robert Williams, died 1814, and succeeded by his son, Robert Williams, who sold in 1828 to Robert, second Earl Grosvenor, afterwards first Marquess of Westminster, who, dying in 1845, was succeeded by third son Robert, first Lord Ebury.

We can now pass to a description of the interior of the house.

It was related last week how Giacomo Leoni was called in to remodel Moor Park for Benjamin Heskin Styles about 1720. The walls of the Monmouth building were left in part but wholly recased with Portland stone, and the interior planning was drastically remodelled. For this work Sir James Thornhill, the fashionable painter of ceilings, seems to have acted as general surveyor, and, indeed, is described in *Vitruvius Britannicus* as the architect. It is unlikely, however, that he interfered much with Leoni, who was a very competent person. A Venetian, who had held the post of architect to the Elector Palatine, Leoni seems to have been brought to England by Lord Burlington early in the eighteenth century to help in the preparation of the translation of Palladio's *Architecture*. He was only twenty-four when he secured his first commission in 1710, Bramham Park, near Leeds. When he translated Alberti's *De Re Aedificatoria*, first published in 1726, he included some designs of his own, notably for a great house at Carshalton, Surrey. This got no further than the building of a very beautiful screen and entrance gates with delightful ironwork, stone carving by Catalini, and lead statues probably by Van Nost. These remained until two or three years ago, when they and the strip of land on which they stood were put up for sale at the Mart, and the writer of this attended the auction—the company numbering besides only a few speculative builders—to watch the fate of this charming memorial of Leoni's art. No doubt gates and stonework have now been rebuilt



"COUNTRY LIFE."

ON THE HALL BALCONY.

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STAIRCASE PAINTINGS BY SLEKER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

elsewhere. Among other more fortunate works was Clandon Park, the seat of the Earl of Onslow, built in 1732. At Moor Park he had Amiconi, a countryman of his, as a colleague in the work of decoration, and also one Sleker, who did the brownish monochromes on the staircase walls and signed

allowance of gods and nymphs that sprawled about his ceilings—when he painted their hall. That was his price at Blenheim, and no more would they give. For the painting of the Great Hall at Greenwich he got three pounds a yard on ceilings and one pound on walls, and about the same at St. Paul's Cathedral.



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AT THE HEAD OF THE STAIRS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

them; but both must have worked under Sir James Thornhill's direction. We are the better informed of what went on because Styles and Thornhill came to blows about payment. It seems that the latter not only acted as *arbiter elegantiarum* in supervising Leoni, but actually painted the saloon and the hall. The sum agreed upon between them was three thousand five hundred pounds; but when the time to pay arrived Styles expressed great dissatisfaction with the work and they fought it out in court. Dahl, Richardson and others were called as expert witnesses (their fees, if any, are not recorded), and Styles got the worst of it. Not only was he ordered to pay Thornhill's account in full, but an extra five hundred pounds—whether for moral or intellectual damage to the popular painter does not appear. Nor was this Thornhill's only fight for his due. The South Sea Company, of which Styles was a director, would pay him no more than twenty-five shillings a yard—surely too cheap for the liberal

allowance of gods and nymphs that sprawled about his ceilings—when he painted their hall. That was his price at Blenheim, and no more would they give. For the painting of the Great Hall at Greenwich he got three pounds a yard on ceilings and one pound on walls, and about the same at St. Paul's Cathedral. It is worth while to add that Thornhill was dismissed from his appointment of Historical Painter to the Crown at the same time as Sir Christopher Wren was dishonourably and stupidly removed from the post of Surveyor. He had succeeded Wren as Member of Parliament in the representation of Melcombe Regis, and the two men doubtless became friends when Thornhill was painting at St. Paul's. He was, however, unpopular with architects at large because he invaded their province, as at Moor Park. To a mind so unselfish and so constant as Wren's, however, Thornhill's architectural ambitions would never have caused anything but tolerant amusement, and, indeed, at the time of their common fall, Wren was a veteran held in harness by nothing but a desire to finish well the work he had so magnificently begun. The quality of Thornhill's work at Moor Park makes us sympathetic with him in his struggle for fair payment. It is a convincing example of the grand manner originally borrowed from Italy, and the architectural perspective is very cleverly managed. Thornhill's work, however, has the special interest that it came from an English hand, and was based on a school for which native talent has never shown any special liking or aptitude. What he learnt was taught him by Le Brun, but his success is due to his own talent and a skill in absorbing the essentials of a foreign fashion. The four subjects that occupy the walls are in the regular classical manner. Zeus makes love to Io; Hera, with natural irritation, changes Io into a heifer and puts her in charge of Argus; Argus is so careless as to be lulled to sleep by the flute of Hermes, who nevertheless has not forgotten his sword. Lastly, Hera is seen receiving the head of Argus, and crowns the whole disreputable proceeding by endowing the peacock's tail with his hundred eyes.

It is worth noting that the under sides of the balcony trusses and the soffit panels of the balcony are painted grey and gilt in imitation of carving, and that the doorways are of a greyish white marble. The staircase paintings done by Sleker are dated 1732, and are painted on stretched canvases, not directly on the wall. Interesting features of the stair and also of the hall gallery are the lanterns with gilt wood tops. It is quite likely

ceiling with figures in very high relief. Inset in one of the bedroom mantel-pieces is a mirror painted with a Chinese scene, a rather unusual treatment, emphasised elsewhere, however, by a wealth of gilt mirrors in the *chinoiserie* manner.

The plan of the house as it left Leoni's hands has not since been materially changed. The rooms on the ground floor are finely proportioned and, what is more to his credit, quite



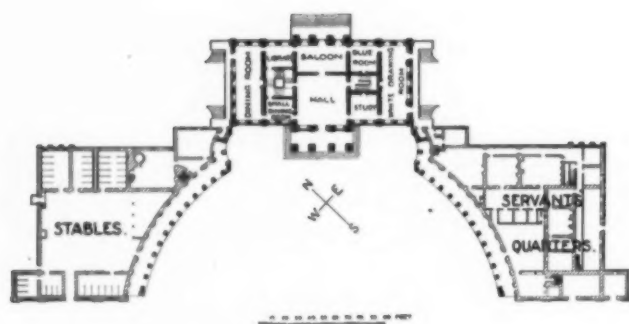
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THE SALOON.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

that these are additions by Robert Adam. The saloon walls are covered with oak panelling, parcel-gilt, and some paintings that are rather coarse in execution, and the fine gilt console tables by the fireplace are probably contemporary with the room. The Blue Room, opening out of the saloon, takes its name from a very beautiful Oriental wall-paper. In the White Drawing Room the chief feature is the fine plaster

conveniently arranged. The accompanying plan shows the original disposition of the colonnade and wings (the walls are hatched, while the existing house is indicated in solid black). Though succeeding owners have made slight alterations, it was but a small labour to edit the original plan (as it appeared in *Vitruvius Britannicus*, published during the ownership of Sir Laurence Dundas) in order to bring it up to date. It is obvious from the



GROUND FLOOR PLAN.

painted decorations that remain unharmed that Lord Anson made no alterations, and we have Walpole in confirmation, "Nothing is done to the house; there are not even chairs in the great apartment. My Lord Anson is more slatternly than the

Soon after Dundas entered into possession in 1763, considerable attention was given to the internal decorations. He



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A BEDROOM MANTEL-PIECE.

"C.L."

employed Bartolozzi's hardly less celebrated pupil, Cipriani, to decorate what is now the dining-room, and the ceiling is from his brush. The magnificent chimney-piece there was put in at the same time. It came from a Borghese palace, and is of white marble, with the little dancing figures of the frieze on a background of lapis lazuli. The walls of the room are covered with a particularly fine old Oriental paper. This was not hung when the room was redecorated by Cipriani, but about eighty years ago, after Moor Park was acquired by Lord Westminster. We are here, however, brought into touch with another great name, that of Robert Adam. For the dining-room he designed (for Dundas) couches and chairs, and he also built, in what is now the kitchen garden, a rustic tea-house, of which the original drawings remain in the Soane Museum. The plaster ceiling is in his characteristic manner, while he has emphasised the rustic note by treating the pilasters as palm trunks. The next change came on the purchase of Moor Park by Thomas Bates Rous, a director of the East India Company, who pulled down the wings and curved colonnades. The present formal garden on the south side of the house was laid out by the Marquess of Westminster, whose architectural activities were manifold. No little of the present charm of the house is due to the great care which Lord Ebury takes to let it tell its own decorative history by furniture that belongs to the time of its building, nearly all of which was

acquired by Lord Westminster with the house. Though there may be vain regrets at the loss not only of the Tudor palace, but also of the great garden which so vividly impressed Sir William Temple, both house and garden as they stand to-day are finely representative of various aspects of eighteenth century design at their best.

L. W.

A RECOLLECTION OF PROFESSOR RUSKIN.

A NEW "Life of Ruskin," by E. T. Cook, of great interest and admirably written, has awakened memories of a brief three years of my youth in which I had the privilege of knowing John Ruskin. My recollections are purely egotistical, those of a very young creature who saw in the man of genius mainly the eternal child, "trailing clouds of glory," who stooped to meet another child. For the man Ruskin, his philosophy, his work and character, one cannot do better than consult this latest Life of him.

It was in the summer of 1883 that I first saw Professor Ruskin. A very dear friend of his and mine drove me over to Brantwood as a great honour and pleasure for me, and possibly an amusement to Mr. Ruskin, who was always interested in girls. As we drove up to the house the Professor came out into the porch to meet us, and I can remember that his appearance was at first a great shock and disappointment to me. Whatever the date of this never-to-



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MOOR PARK: IN THE SALOON.

"C.L."

be-forgotten meeting, it cannot, I think, have been long after one of his bouts of illness, for my friend warned me that we might find him in a difficult mood. He looked an old, old man as he came towards us with his head almost hanging on to his chest, so that the lower part of the face was in prominence, the brow and eyes clouded and the whole personality almost repellent. He greeted us with his usual extreme courtesy, and this and his beautiful voice a little dispelled the depressing fear with which he inspired me. My friend asked him to show me some of his treasures, notably his Scott manuscripts and jewels. The manuscripts were the original MSS. of the earlier novels, and Mr. Ruskin made me notice the exquisitely neat copper-plate writing and the scarcity of erasures. Nothing could have given one a better idea of the rapidity with which Sir Walter Scott worked and the clearness of his mind. The handwriting was a work of art in itself. I remarked this to the Professor, and he then showed me a letter from Miss Francesca Alexander, the authoress of "The Story of Ida,"

whose writing he considered the most decorative and beautiful he had ever seen.

Among the many lovely precious stones he showed us was a very large matrix opal, on which was carved a sea-urchin riding a dolphin. The value of this consisted in the difficulty of carving so brittle a material as the opal. I grew so excited over all these wonders that I forgot to be alarmed, and was suddenly startled by his cry, "You are a dear girl, and I shall not call you Miss A.; I shall call you Dolly." I looked quickly up and saw the Ruskin of my imagination. The old man had disappeared as if by magic, and a creature, alert, young and inspired had taken his place with noble, uplifted brow and eyes of wonderful blue, dancing and shining like a child's. And all because a girl had shown some intelligent enthusiasm. I was admitted at once to favour, and shown all his treasures, among them the exquisite Turner water-colours with which his bedroom was literally lined, and his own delicately beautiful drawings of birds and flowers. The impression left on my mind is of Ruskin's passion for truth; truth absolute and truth relative as he saw it. He once made me play a simple air of Schumann's over and over again till I was reduced almost to tears, because I could not render a couple of bars exactly as he thought Schumann intended. I remember my joyful relief at Mrs. Severn's entrance, and her kind rescue of "this poor child," who, she declared, "should not be tormented!"

I have no recollection of meeting Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Severn during this call, so I imagine they must have been from home at the time. I know we paid a short visit for fear of tiring the Professor, but I left conscious that I had been with a genius.

Not long after this my friend wrote that she was bringing Mr. Ruskin to see me. When they arrived she said to me, "Mr. Ruskin wants to see your poetry." Here was real cause for alarm, and I remember trying hard to get out of showing my verses to the great man. But he would have none of my modesty, and insisted on my taking him to my sanctum, where I had to admit that I kept my effusions in a locked book. "You must give me the book and key, and I will take great care of them, and read all the poems," so I gave up my book, not without a sinking of heart. I then took him into our garden, with its lovely view of Lake Windermere, and he asked me if I had ever been in Switzerland. He was delighted that I had not, for he said the English lakes and mountains had an intimate charm and beauty lacking to Switzerland, and that to appreciate this one should see them first. We found a curious bird's nest in a corner of the garden, and as he was leaving the house he

asked me to write him a description of it. I remember instinctively feeling that I must be before all things very accurate in my account of this nest, and curb my youthful tendency to "purple patches." I took great pains over my



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WRITING-TABLE IN THE HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

bird's-nest letter, and at last was rewarded with the following reply:

Brantwood, Coniston,
1st Sept., 1883.

My dear Dolly,—There's no chance of my ever being able to tell you how grateful I was for the description of the bird's nest, unless you'll come and see me again. I'm far too ashamed of myself to venture to come and see you—and every leaf of the garden would wave reproach at me! Could you come and stay here for a day or two when you get back again—Joan says you're going away somewhere—suppose the 11th or 12th? I've been casting up accounts—and finding myself always wrong—and I feel as if the world were become one slate. Please come and read me some poetry and put my heart—I was going to say in its place again—but that's the last place you are likely to leave it in!—Only please do come.

Ever affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

Imagine the joy and pride with which I accepted the precious invitation! I had spent many agitated days in construing the great man's silence into contempt of my letter and my poor poems, and here was a letter to lift me into the seventh heaven.

I arrived at Brantwood to find Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Severn out for the afternoon and the Professor as my sole host. He entirely refused to allow me to unpack before tea, and insisted on taking me for a walk in the woods, where we had hardly gone many paces before we fell into heated controversy over the merits and demerits of a certain large and spreading fern which I had rashly admired, and which the Professor denounced as flaunting and soulless.

I held my ground, and succeeded in turning the conversation on to sheep. We happened to pass some of these harmless, necessary animals, and I discovered that Mr. Ruskin really hated sheep. He vehemently attacked them as the stupidest and yet wickedest of creatures, and again I took up the cudgels, and a heated argument brought us back to Brantwood. Here we found the Severns. Mr. Severn took me aside and asked anxiously how I had got on with the Professor. "We have been for a walk in the wood and have quarrelled all the time."

"You didn't give in?"

"No, I'm afraid I fought every statement he made."

"Excellent," said Mr. Severn. "You'll do."

Mr. Alexander Wedderburn was the only other guest in the house at the time; I have an idea that he was acting as secretary to Mr. Ruskin, but am not sure of this. He had a beautiful face and figure, and moved with great grace; and I remember that he and I improvised a dance together that



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MOOR PARK: SIDE TABLE IN THE HALL. "COUNTRY LIFE."

night which delighted the Professor. The next morning Mr. Wedderburn came to me and told me that Mr. Ruskin wished me to come and see him in his study. I followed him in the trembling hope that he would bear me company through the ordeal; but the Professor summarily dismissed his "darling Alec," and I was left alone with him. He put me into a most comfortable chair and, sitting down opposite me, opened fire with, "Now, tell me all about yourself! But first let us talk about your poems." I shall never forget the kindness of his praise, nor the sympathy and understanding he showed me. Some time afterwards I happened to say to someone in his presence that I wrote "verses," whereupon he turned quite fiercely upon me and cried out, "You write poetry, *poetry*. Have no false modesty about it, and never let me hear you speak of your poetry as 'verse' again!" The scolding was too flattering to my vanity for me ever to offend again in his hearing, though I knew then, and know now, that much of what I wrote never rose above the level of verse, and sometimes very mediocre verse at that. I found that he really had read with great thoroughness the little locked book which he now handed back to me. I still have it, and hold it as a very dear possession for the honour he did it. He then enquired about my taste and occupations and my favourite books, and advised me never to read anything which bored me. "You might as well eat something that you know disagrees with you; such reading is only waste of time." This has always struck me as somewhat dangerous doctrine to have preached to a young and ignorant woman. I have often struggled through the dull or difficult opening chapters of books which have ended by entralling me, and had I followed Mr. Ruskin's advice in the letter I should have missed much pleasurable profit.

He was laying down the law on some subject, when he said, "Oh! but I've said this ever so much better in 'Queen's Gardens'; you remember the passage?"

Then I took my courage in my hand, and made the awful confession of what had been weighing down my soul throughout the interview—I had never read a line of the great man's works! He looked at me half incredulously for a moment, while I longed to sink into the earth, and then he smiled delightfully at me.

"How refreshing and nice! Now I shall be able to read you that passage without any apology." He crossed to the book-case, found "Queen's Gardens," and walking up and down the room, he read, as only he could read, his own beautiful thoughts in their perfect language. I left the study humbled to the soul by the gentle tact which had turned my shameful ignorance into a grace. That afternoon we picnicked on an island in Lake Grasmere—a golden afternoon with the Professor in a golden mood, full of delicious whimsies. The Severn children spoon-fed him with cream and strawberry jam, and he was like some exquisite elfin child among them. He never seemed

to me to be quite like an ordinary human being. We rowed home in a lovely sunset, and I remember that a boat crossed the lake full of otter-hounds, their noble heads and the huntsman's tall, red-coated figure silhouetted against the clear evening sky.

That evening after dinner Mrs. Severn said, "The Coz (short for 'Cousin') must read us some Scott." The Professor chose "Old Mortality," a great favourite of his, and read with extraordinary charm and spirit poor half-witted Guse Gibbie's misadventure at the Wappenschaw. While we were all laughing he turned suddenly to Mr. Severn and said as simply as a child, "I do hope I am not as troublesome as that, Joanie, when I am ill."

I can give no idea of the pathos of it, but I think we all had tears in our eyes, and there was a beautiful tenderness in Mrs. Severn's voice and words, "Dear, you are never troublesome to me." But he could be most drastic when anything vexed him. He scolded me soundly one day for inconsistency. "You are two absolutely opposite girls, Dolly," he cried; but my answer, "Only two, Professor! say six!" quite mollified him. I was telling the young Severns one of Hans Andersen's fairy stories—I think the "Little Mermaid"—and I am afraid I must have been wallowing in its sentimentality, for Mr. Ruskin's wrath descended on my devoted head. The story, he declared, was mawkish and unhealthy and quite unsuited for children's minds. Children ought to be told only nice, cheerful, objective stories. I abjectly promised never so to sin again, and I daresay the dictum was only the mood of the moment. I think his choice of stories was a wiser one than mine for the youthful mind. I paid two visits to Brantwood, and had one or two more letters from the Professor, in one of which he hopes that in Heaven he will be able to look round corners before he turns them!—and then my family and I left the Lake Country and I lost my friend. Years after, just before his death, my husband and I stayed a couple of nights at Brantwood, and he saw Mr. Ruskin for the first and last time. He was sitting in his study much wrapped up, silver haired and beautifully *soigné*, looking half the size of the man I had known. His beard and moustache quite hid the mouth, and he looked a beautiful little old man. The eyes were still wonderfully blue, and there was almost the old flash in them when I brought down two necklaces to show, and one old-fashioned one of opals happened to please him. I do not think he remembered me at all, but he was very courteous to us both and talked a little more to us than he generally did to strangers.

I never saw him again, and, curiously enough, my first impression of him remains as a weary old man and my last as a wonderful, gentle child, who had strayed from his own real world into a strange planet where no one spoke his language or quite understood his thoughts.

D. F. G.

IN THE GARDEN.

THE HEATH GARDEN IN WINTER.

THE Editor asks me to go into my heath garden just now, the least attractive part of the year for that garden; but the truth is that, take it all round, it is much prettier than any other kind of garden, because the ground is alive with good colour. The bare bedding garden in winter, or the spotty herbaceous garden, is not in it for colour with the heath garden. Some cut off the flowers of their heaths, and in the case of old plants that is often right, but generally it is best avoided, because in effect the dead flowers are so pretty. Just now the various forms of the Cornish heath are quite attractive, although the past summer was one which prevented the full, natural growth of the plants. The dwarf white kind, which we class as a form of Cornish heath, and in France is called *multiflora*, is very full of pleasant brown colour. Every kind of heath is good in colour throughout the year, even the common heather; and showy among its forms now is one called the "coppery" heath, which has a pleasant effect in the winter.

It has been a peculiar year for all the heaths, which, being moorland plants, suffered from the great heat of summer. Some gave way altogether, but the Connemara heath, whose large and handsome flowers were frizzled up, began to flower again in the cool nights and late rains of autumn, and kept on a very pretty show throughout the season. One mixed group of white and red is prettier still on this 12th of December. Of all the native plants of our island, this is the most precious for the open-air garden, but to see its beauty one must group it, and not be satisfied with single dots, where there is room to enjoy its beauty fully. There are three or four varieties of it, and the mass of beauty they give throughout the summer and autumn one could not over

praise. The Dorset heath, which is usually very pretty in the autumn, and perhaps the best of the autumn heaths, entirely collapsed owing to the great heat of the past year. The true winter-flowering heaths are showing numerous flower-buds; the Alpine forest heath and the hybrid heath are getting full of bud, and are best after Christmas, when their colour is most welcome in the garden. The white form of the Alpine forest heath is in flower now, but is not so showy as the bright-coloured one.

Prettiest of all the tall heaths is the Portuguese, which is now beginning to show a little colour in its shoots. The growth is not so tall as usual, owing to the great heat of the past summer. The true tree heath is not so hardy as the Portuguese, so far as I have tried it. The Southern heath (*Erica australis*) promises well for spring. The Mediterranean heath is pleasant in winter colour, but is rather more of a spring plant. The Bell heather does not make much show in winter, but several of its forms are very pretty early in the autumn. Maw's heath, a supposed hybrid of the Dorset heath, is a vigorous and handsome plant. Unfortunately, the genus *Erica* in this country is not so rich in kinds as many others of less beauty, and this makes it all the more desirable that we should look out for varieties of the wild kind. The nurseries frequently offer us some very pretty forms of these, but so little attention is paid to them. In looking over heathland, let us look out at the same time for varieties of our native kinds.

Sometimes mistakes are made as regards the situation of the heath garden. It was never intended to have a place in the flower garden, and although heaths will grow anywhere, the best place for them is a rough piece of ground not far away from the garden proper. This is so in my own case, and it has answered very well. In flat country there is not much diversified ground, and then

something can be done by grouping under trees. In many places conifers are loosely scattered about, and do not give a good effect, being too dotted, and grass being allowed to grow round them does harm, especially in hot years. It would be much better to dig the ground and tie the whole together with a bed of heaths. This has lately been done at Kew, with excellent effect. The heaths shade the ground and prevent excessive evaporation. They also get rid of the poor effect made by isolated pines. Little good is got by the mere dotting of heaths, except in very small gardens, and where there is room for it, it is essential to group and mass plants. The joy of the Connemara heath in a bold group is immensely enhanced. Nurserymen have neglected these plants, especially in the South of England, where there is little demand for them, and the best collections are in Derbyshire, especially about Matlock. In Southern nurseries near heathy ground there should be good stocks found very soon. At one time nurserymen hardly sold a dozen plants, but now everybody wants them. They are easily propagated, and there should be no difficulty in getting up stocks. Some of the commonest wild heaths are very beautiful and worth growing.

What may be called the associate plants of the heath garden are interesting. They are things worth growing for their own sakes, and which often do not find a home in the scheme of the ordinary garden. Among these things are the sun roses (*cistus*) and the rock roses (*helianthemum*), pretty in colour even in winter. On poor, sandy soil the rosemary thrives and flowers very prettily. The double gorse I find a handsome background in spring. The dwarf gorse is in flower now, and is always very pretty in autumn and winter. Some little heath-like plants come, such as the crowberry and the sand myrtle (*ledum*). Among my heaths there is a bold daffodil which brightens up the colour in spring, and does not seem to hurt the heaths in the least. In peaty soils one may have some dwarf American kalmias, which are graceful, and other little American plants of the andromeda order, which thrive best in peat. A bush more often seen in the West of England, *Fabiana imbricata*, is in form like some of the larger heaths, and goes well with them, and some of the more beautiful of the tamarisks may well take a place in the heath garden where there is ample room.

WM. ROBINSON.

CORRESPONDENCE.

OUTDOOR FLOWERS IN MID-WINTER.

SIR,—In reading a letter in last week's COUNTRY LIFE on outdoor flowers in mid-winter, it strikes me one peculiarly attractive flower has been forgotten. It has a delightful scent and flowers in the severest weather. I have a tree in full flower now. It is an old-fashioned plant, and so many people to whom I have shown it have never seen it or heard of it before. Its name is *Chimonanthus*.—CLARE HOWARD.

[*Chimonanthus*, or Winter Sweet, was described in our issue of December 30th, page 1001.—ED.]

THE CONSTRUCTION OF PERGOLAS.

SIR,—Referring to "Constant Reader's" letter in your issue of December 30th about pergola posts, I would like to say that I have found treating posts, before putting in the ground, with carbolineum the best way of preserving them. I built my house and laid out a garden four years ago. I could not afford brick walls, so enclosed garden and stables with high wooden fencing, the planks of red deal and the posts and buttresses of oak. The whole was treated before erecting it with two dressings of carbolineum. All the fencing is still perfectly good and firm. Two years ago I put up a short pergola with gin. larch poles for supports treated in the same way, and they show no signs of rotting. In addition to its usefulness, carbolineum gives a good colour to wood, a brown grey, very suitable for pergolas, and I do not find that it is hurtful to any climbers. My Roses do excellently on it.—CONSTANT READER No. 2.

FRUIT BUDS AND BIRDS.

SIR,—With reference to your note of December 30th, I believe a letter appeared in your "Correspondence" columns some time ago recommending the application of a warm spraying of soft soap with a dash of paraffin, and a lump of suet melted in to make it stick. I tried the mixture last spring. It was a horribly dirty job, and there happened to be fewer bullfinches than usual, so it was not a complete test, but I certainly thought it was useful. It is very unfair that bullfinches should be protected between February and October in a district where the cottagers grow damsons for market. The Wild Birds' Protection Act seems powerless to stop the destruction of rare foreign visitors, but in the case of several increasingly common native birds the Act is positively injurious to market-gardeners. There is no protection or sympathy for the unhappy small holder.—NORTH LANCs.

SAVE THE ORCHARD GRASS.

SIR,—Among the most beautiful features of our English country is the grass orchard, of which we have many good examples in Kent and the West Country. The orchard in grass has doubtless to be paid for in some form, but there is evidence of its being successfully practised, especially with trees on the free stock, and those of vigorous and first-rate kinds like the Blenheim. The feeding value of the grass below the trees is to be taken into account and the running of pigs underneath often helps the trees. In that pretty orchard country in Normandy we can see examples of planting cider apples in grass, of the orchard

trees in various states. One of the best and most successful growers I visited there attributed much of his success to the presence of good grass underneath the trees. They were tall, strong trees, and when seedlings (self-sown) came he kept them if they happened to be good in quality, if otherwise, he grafted them. A beautiful sight the orchard made. Mr. Pickering mentions the cherry, plum and other trees as suffering from grass as well as the apple. I think it is well known in Kent that cherries more than any other orchard trees do better on grass, and there are some fine examples of cherry trees in grass in Kent. The more vigorous apples on the crab also can show many examples of successful culture in grass. The fine old orchard tree is safe enough in grass in our country, with its copious rainfall, though the smaller trees on dwarf stocks may be better without it. In parts of America the rainfall is so slight that scratching the ground with a cultivator acts as a mulch and is very beneficial. Trees in grass, like trees in other conditions, may be neglected. One sees examples of neglected orchards as well as of carefully-pruned orchards. In Kent, under careful management, the grass is enriched by the grazing of animals. In trying to prove the advantage to trees in not being in grass Mr. Pickering has not, I think, considered the common Kentish practice of planting young trees in arable, the grass only coming when the trees are established. Apart from the question of profit there may be in orchard culture, the question of beauty is to many important. A varied orchard in grass is one of the most beautiful things we possess, and for much of the year. The greatest fault in the private orchard is not planting frequently. We may see many orchards decrepit and where there is no young life. In no way can the health and the vigour of an orchard be maintained so well as by planting annually. Orchards that once had a name for fertility have perished through neglect of renewing with young trees. As to forest trees being affected in the same way by grass, the two subjects are quite distinct. In no good forest-planting is the grass seen under trees. You cannot get growth in a wood where grass is allowed to absorb all the rainfall, as it often does. The surest way to destroy the right growth of woods is to encourage the growth of grass. In our own day there is much culture of fruit trees in grassless land in private and market gardens—some good, others anything but good. But whatever we do in that way in country places where there is ample room, let us always remember that a good orchard in grass is one of the most beautiful things a man can form. We need not begin on grass, but lay that down after the trees have formed good heads. In cases where we must plant on grass, a good deal may be done for the young trees by mulching over their roots for a few years, say, three feet round. The surest way for early growth is to plant in arable or among small fruit or hops, the land to be laid down in grass when desired. But in diversified country we often find land which cannot be worked by the plough, but which, well planted, may bear picturesque orchards.—WM. ROBINSON.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

WHAT CROPS TO GROW IN 1912.

GROWING all farm crops is a speculative business, as, however well an agriculturist may understand his business, his success or failure depends largely on the weather. While recognising this, I am inclined to think that some farmers of arable land show more judgment than others in selecting each year which crops to speculate in, or, in other words, in deciding how to crop their farms. No hard-and-fast rule as to cropping can be laid down, as soil and situation are factors which nowadays more than ever govern the question. The old Norfolk four-course system is in practice and theory the nearest approach to a perfect rule for a large acreage of land in this country. After one has rightly, or wrongly, mapped out the acreage of corn, roots and clovers or grasses to grow, there still remains to decide which of the particular varieties of each of these crops are likely to be the most remunerative. As far as autumn-sown crops are concerned, these points have to be decided at Michaelmas, and after Christmas it is necessary to form a rough plan of cropping the land that then remains unsown. Spring-sown corn consists of barley, oats, wheat, peas and beans. The first three cereals named generally follow seeds, roots or bare fallow, unless the soil is fertile enough to allow two white straw crops to be grown in succession. Many of the inferior crops one sees are due to corn being grown two or three years running on land that has not been dressed with farmyard or artificial manure. One needs rich soil to stand such treatment for long. Of late years there has been a tendency to increase the acreage of wheat and oats and to grow less barley. The high price the latter commanded last autumn will doubtless cause a much larger breadth to be drilled in 1912 than in 1911. I doubt, however, whether it is a wise policy to grow too large an acreage of this grain, excepting on land that produces a good malting sample in an average year.

It should be borne in mind that the present high price of barley is due to several reasons—(a) to last year's exceptional sunshine; (b) to a shortage of foreign malting barley; (c) to the small yield per acre of the home-grown crop, much shorter than will be shown by the official corn returns, since this year almost every grain of barley grown has been marketable, whereas in most years a large proportion of barley is consumed on the farm and is not included in the returns. It is also reported that one or more of the largest

brewing firms, owing to the superior malting value of the 1911 crop, have bought up a considerable quantity of barley forward for their next year's requirements.

Oats, in spite of the motor-car, are still a very safe crop to grow; the straw is superior to barley straw as a food for stock, and the grain is so excellent for horses, cattle and sheep that, even when it fetches a low price on the market, it can be used with advantage on the farm, and thus the bill for artificial foodstuffs be reduced. Spring wheat is so speculative a crop that it is too risky to drill a large area of it. Personally, although I farm land adapted for barley-growing, I do not intend to sow this spring many more acres of that crop than usual. Why I have planned out this slight increase is because a poor root crop prevents me from sheep-folding some of the ground sufficiently heavily to ensure a good crop of oats, not because I anticipate that barley will sell above an average figure after next harvest. Another difficult question, considering the high price of all clover seeds, is to decide what "small seeds" to sow. One point I am sure about, viz., that it never pays to plant rubbish because it is at a low price, and, with the exception of lucerne and Italian rye-grass, I find English-grown clover seeds produce a crop superior to that grown from imported seed. I expect we shall find mangolds, kohlrabi and thousand-headed cabbage grown more extensively this year, because they

proved themselves last season to be capable of withstanding a prolonged drought. There is no more useful root grown than the mangold, especially as it can be used if required in the autumn, or will keep until the following spring or summer. I am a great advocate for kohlrabi as a food for either horses, cattle or sheep; but the great drawback to the cultivation of it is that the turnip fly and other insects in its earlier stages, and the wood-pigeon later on, are especially fond of the young seedlings. When once the plants are established, they can, if needed, be transplanted as easily as cabbages, which is not the case with turnips. Thousand-headed cabbage or kale is an excellent food for sheep or lambs; but unless the plants are thick in the rows, the stalks and roots which are not consumed are a trouble and an expense to get rid of. Farmers who think of trying to grow either of these last two varieties of roots, unless they have previously cultivated them, would, I think, be wise to confine the experiment to a small acreage of each sort, and to sow as the main crop the turnip or swede that they have proved is best adapted to their soil in an average year. Space will not allow me to write of crops such as potatoes or market-garden produce, which often prove profitable crops. Savoy and other cabbages almost any farmer can grow at a small cost, and if not worth much to sow for human consumption, they are suitable for cattle or sheep. W.

O'ER FIELD AND FURROW.

THE HUNTS NO ONE EVER SAW.

A VERY interesting chapter of hunting history might be written taking for its subject the runs nobody ever saw. Scarcely a season passes by without our having to relate some story of hounds slipping their field and going away into the unknown by themselves. The last, and perhaps one of the most noteworthy, of these incidents happened to the Ward Union when they went to look for an outlying deer. There was a small field, the deer had been safely harboured and all began well. Hounds were laid on as quickly as might be, and raced away on the foil of their deer. They had gone but a very little distance when the hind turned away over an impassable bog, and the field saw the pack, apparently running with a breast-high scent, gradually fade into the distance and disappear. Nor did anyone, so far as I have been able to ascertain, see anything of them for three hours, until at last the whipper-in managed—how, it is difficult to say—to get to the pack and stop them. It is said that the gallant hind was last seen swimming out to sea. It must have been a great hunt, and was a great performance for the hounds. The next week, in Lincolnshire, the Blankney Hounds took a fox down into the Fen country. No one could ride to them, and for an hour hounds hunted well entirely by themselves. Twice in my Lincolnshire experience I have seen the same thing happen, and hounds perforce left to themselves because we could not ride over the bog drains of the Fen country.

AWKWARD PLACES.

In all countries we have to be prepared to meet awkward

places from time to time. It just depends upon luck and judgment and knowledge of the country whether we meet or avoid them. This is a general rule; but there are moments, and I think they have been unusually frequent this season, when to shirk a difficult



THE CANAL BANK.



AN AWKWARD RAIL.

place means to lose one's place in a run. Hounds have been running very fast on the whole this year, the going on the grass is often unusually deep, and when the awkward place looms up in front, to tackle it may mean a fall; to shirk it certainly involves the loss of our place in the run. It is very difficult to regain a good position lost when deep going forbids us to bucket the horse, and very often a blown or leg-weary horse will give us a fall over a quite small place, when he would, being fairly fresh, have got over the more awkward fence safely enough. Nevertheless, when we meet with the awkward rail or the jump by the side of the canal, where a mistake involves a certain ducking, we shall be wise at all costs to avoid it unless we have confidence in the horse, good hands and either an unshaken nerve or that control over ourselves which comes to much the same thing. Two-thirds of the falls at difficult places are the result of wrong handling of the horse or want of nerve, or, in other words, neglect of the three cardinal precepts for a cramped country—sit still, sit back and leave the horse's mouth alone. And by the last I do not mean a loose rein, but the light, firm, unwavering hold which does not interfere with, while it gives confidence to, the hunter. None but a fine horseman on a good horse should attempt "The Only Way Out," where the artist has depicted an incident which recalls the celebrated leap of Dick Knight. Such places some of the boldest of us are content to leave, as our artist has delicately suggested, to the Hunt servants.

THE CATTISTOCK.

Lord and Lady Digby entertained the members of the Cattistock Hounds at Minterne last Wednesday. The sport enjoyed by these hounds during the last season, which has been remarkable even for this pack, brought together a large field from the Blackmore Vale, the South Dorset and the Cattistock Hunts. Lord Digby's coverts are noted for holding stout wild foxes of the sort for which Dorsetshire is famous. The way that the coverts belonging to Lord Digby and the Earl of Ilchester hold foxes as well as pheasants, and manage to afford plenty of sport

without excluding hounds from the coverts, is an example which may well be taken to heart by those who hunt. There are people who hunt and yet are no friends to fox-hunting, while Lord Ilchester hunts very little, if at all, and Lord Digby, though he loves the sport, subordinates it to his duties to the county and the country.

There was quite a pleasant morning round the Minterne Coverts, and the hounds, driving fiercely and turning with their fox, accounted for a brace. To the right of the steep hill beyond Minterne is a little stony, muddy lane, and here are one or two small coverts, and it was there that they hit on the fox of the day. After one ring round, the fox set his mask for the Pulham Vale. Chiefly grass, but cut up into small enclosures and divided by fences of the stiffest, just now the Pulham Vale is very deep after the recent rains, and horses were asked to gallop through and to jump out of deep and holding ground. Dorsetshire doubles, a ditch each side and a fence in the middle, came frequently in the line. Out of one field the choice lay between an uncompromising fence of this description and a gateway blocked by a hurdle with two stout poles nailed across the top. But there was no time to think, for hounds were slipping along over the fine scenting vale at a great pace, with Pulham on the right, pointing towards Holwell. Here they turned and worked steadily back to their own country. It was a great day's sport, adding one more to the successes of this famous pack. However, on the following day, when hounds met in Dorchester after the County Ball, scent was but poor. Foxes



THE ONLY WAY OUT.

there were at Wrackelford, but no scent to hunt them with.

THE BELVOIR,
THE QUORN AND
MR. FERNIE'S.

All three of these packs had good runs last week, and all invaded the Cottesmore territory. The Belvoir began on Wednesday with a fox from Burbidge's Covert. The fox went straight over the river and ran for Stapleford and Whissendine. The pace was good at first, but gradually scent seemed to grow less, and Hewitt, the first whipper-in, who was hunting hounds, had to help the pack; nevertheless, they held to the line. Whether the fox in the shrubberies round Stapleford was a fresh one or not seems doubtful. At all events, he took a line over a grand grass country nearly to Langham. Here hounds were on better terms with their fox.

The pace improved past Barleythorpe to Braunston, and after an excursion in the direction of Prior's Coppice, the run came to an end in Braunston, the fox returning thither and going to



A VISIT OF CONDOLENCE—LADY HONOR WARD AND THE HOUNDS.

ground. The time was three hours, and the point a fair nine miles. It was a great hunting run, but, except at first, never fast. Then on Friday the Quorn had an afternoon gallop, and a good one, from Burrough Wood into the Cottesmore country, and on the same day Mr. Fernie's hounds, starting from Slawston, ran an eight-mile point to Launde Wood. As the pack went to Hallaton, then to Keythorpe, past Loddington, and only occupied an hour, the pace was clearly a fast one. Our last two illustrations point the moral that while London has been drowned in water,

in the Midlands hunting has been impossible because of snow. X.

A PENNY COOKERY BOOK.

THE "Penny Cookery Book" that lies before me was not really and actually sold at a penny, although it well might have been, for it has only fifty-three pages, and is a slim and paper-bound



MAKING THE MOST OF A DISAPPOINTMENT AT BEAU DESERT.

pamphlet. As a matter of fact, it was sold—nominally—at sixpence (thousands were given away), and a note on the inside of the cover says, "This little brochure having been published for the benefit of the poor and working classes, one penny out of every book sold will be given to the poor, through the medium of a charitable committee." The date is 1847; the title is "Soyer's Charitable Cookery, or the Poor Man's Regenerator," and, with Alexis Soyer's invariable profligacy in pretty speeches, it is "dedicated to the benevolent for the benefit of the labouring and poor classes of the United Kingdom." There is a good steel plate engraving of the cook-author, and a list of "noble and distinguished personages" who have patronised "this charitable work." Among them are His Excellency the Earl of Bessborough, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, the Duchesses of Sutherland, Leinster and Bedford, the three Ladies Ponsonby (Emily, Harriet and Kathleen), H.R.H. Prince George of Cambridge, two bishops, six "lords"—including the famous epicure, Lord Marcus Hill, and various other important folk. The terrible potato famine in Ireland occurred partially in 1845 and fully in 1846. Soyer, who had been *chef* at the Reform Club (and who, a few years later, re-organised the Army kitchens in the Crimea), crossed St. George's Channel and did a deal of good sound work in starting what we should nowadays call soup-kitchens in the distressed island.

This little book is the outcome thereof. He is always flamboyant, egotistic and expansive in his writing; but, all the same, he did good work, and deserves credit therefor. Here, for instance, is his soup for sevenpence-halfpenny: but it must always be remembered that sixty-four years ago prices were not what they are to-day. These are his quotations:

RECEIPT NO. 4.		d.
Quarter of a pound of bacon	1½
One ounce of dripping	¼
Quarter of a pound of onions, quarter of a pound of turnips or carrots, two ounces of leeks and celery, quarter ounce of mint, shred fine	1
Pound and a-quarter of yellow peas	3½
Half a pound of common flour	1
Two ounces and a-half of salt, half-ounce of sugar	4-7½

Even doubling these prices—and that would be under the mark—the soup is excellently sound and wholesome. It has all the digestible ingredients of a jolly good meal. Again, his "Fishermen's Food for the Coast" shows excellent appreciation of what can be done with little opportunity and very small means. For sixpence-halfpenny he gives a dish which should amply satisfy a family of five or six with a good solid dish of splendid nourishment. Soyer was, in his writing, maybe, a humbug and a charlatan; but he knew what he was writing about. He was a cook first and a pretty poor *littérateur* afterwards. He has, in this little book, a dozen other useful and entirely practical recipes for poor men's food, all simple and cheap. Of course, prices have varied since his time, but the principle remains the same. Soyer was an extraordinary person in many ways. He thought he could write. He could not. He thought he could cook. He could not. His ideas were excellent, and in his various books he put forth quite good ideas. His "hundred guinea dish," for instance, was simply an impertinence. But he was a good, kind man, and as a servant he was all that could be desired. Soyer had always the "grand air," and loved nothing better than association with titled folk. F. SCHLOSSER.

TO A BUTTERFLY IN BOND STREET.

'Twas on a blazing July day
In time of summer sales.
In all the windows great display
Of ribbons, sunshades, veils,
As well as garments lacy-white,
All one can need by day or night.

The town all baked and burned and dry
Could no more heat retain,
One saw it quivering up and up,
Back to the sun again—
Yet London dames and country cousins
Were bargain-hunting in their dozens.

They crowded on the narrow walk;
And in the narrow street
The motors and the taxi-cabs
Were adding to the heat,
When suddenly there drifted by
A poor white wandering butterfly.

I watched him stay his aimless flight,
Then circle round and drop
To some red roses in a hat,
A realistic crop—
The most expensive Paris make—
Don't scorn the butterfly's mistake!

I turned my head in passing by,
Saw him alight and cling
Just on the biggest, reddest rose,
The poor bewildered thing,
But passed along and left him there—
No longer could I stand and stare.

Oh think of it! To see a rose
Amid those alien ways,
Those unfamiliar scents and sounds—
A friend from happier days.
With what relief to it you'd hie
If you were just a butterfly!

To float into another world
Of dewy fragrance sweet,
To feel the petals satin-smooth
Beneath your clinging feet,
To leave the turmoil and the fret—
Creep to its cool heart, and forget.

Alas! your gentle dream soon died,
Like many a greater dream,
Poor little atom borne along
On life's huge hurrying stream—
But one who saw you heaved a sigh
Of pity, for you—butterfly!

C. C.

ON THE GREEN.

BY HORACE HUTCHINSON AND BERNARD DARWIN.

INLAND AND BY THE SEA.

AT certain seasons of the year there are some folks who will tell us that they see little, if any, difference in quality between some of the best inland courses and the seaside links. It is talk that we do not hear at such times as the present, that is to say, in winter's depth, nor, again, do we hear much of it in the summer's height, when the inland grass is likewise high. It is true that the past summer was exceptional, in that the grass under the perpetual sun and in the absence of moisture did not grow very high; but the soil, less sandy even at its very best than that of the true links, took its vengeance on us in becoming as hard as a brick and extremely unfriendly in its kicks at the ball delicately pitched up for the approach stroke. Spring and autumn are the seasons when we hear this praise of the inland course—the seasons of the birds' migrations—for it is then that it is in its best condition, and the golfer retains a simple faith, in spite of annual disillusion, that it is to be ever thus. During the greater part of the winter through which we are now passing, the soil of all our inland courses has been heavily waterlogged. It has, on the whole, not been unkindly to the golfer, and for all the work of the greenkeeper it has been more than commonly favourable. When the water has soaked through the surface, most courses have at once been playable again, and anything is better for golf than the weather that is known, at this time of year, as "seasonable"; which seems to mean what people call a "nice crisp frost," wherewith the soil is iron-bound, so that the ball bounds anywhere. Any attempt at golf in these circumstances ends in mere travesty of its science and glory, and this iron-bound condition is very much more frequent inland than by the sea, where are salt airs and salt soils to repel its influence, and where, besides, the material that it has to work

on—the light sand—does not lend itself so easily to its binding and hardening effects. But the state with which the present winter has made us more familiar is one of mud-larking, cleaving the ball out of stuff like plum-pudding and putting with a large blob of the same luscious substance embossed on the ball's surface. From all these evils in their most afflicting form the fine sand of the seaside links delivers us.

CADDIES' AID.

The Caddies' Aid Association continues to give promise that it will eventually do valuable work. It is far too early to judge it yet by results. It is in the stage of organisation, and, so far as one may judge, all that organisation is proceeding on wise lines and good men are being enlisted for the work. The division of the country into sections is an excellent idea, and the appointment of such persons of experience as Major Newton King for North Devon, Mr. C. G. Wickham for Sussex, Mr. A. N. Lee for the Midlands, Mr. F. A. Janion for the Eastern Division and Mr. J. P. Carr for Liverpool, indicates that the operations of the association are widely extended, and that it has representative men in each centre who ought to be able to send to headquarters valuable reports of local conditions, experiments and, we hope, successes in giving such aid to the caddies as may at least mitigate the evil attached to the casual character of their employment and may fit them for a start at man's work. It is stated that the Bishop of Norwich is likely to take the chair at a meeting of the Eastern Division, which will be held shortly, and the assistance of men in high position in the Church ought to give a great help and strength to the undertaking. In a short time it is proposed to issue a report giving details of all the schemes for caddies' benefit at present in operation, and these ought to prove a useful guide for further endeavour. Mr. W. E. Fairlie, the

hon. treasurer, is about to ask each of the leading golf clubs for a donation of five shillings to defray the expenses of the association's work. It is a moderate request which is not likely to meet with many refusals. It may be observed in this connection that both the treasurer and the secretary, Mr. Mark Allerton, are honorary officials.

H. G. H.

AN ECCENTRICITY OF PUTTING.

Putting is the most despairing of all the golfing arts, because whatever rule you may lay down for a learner, he can, if he be well posted, refute you with an illustrious example. You tell him to stand well up to his ball, and he points to a photograph of Jack White with his head so sunk down over the ball that nothing is visible save the pattern on his cap. You tell him to follow through, and he again instances Jack White, who says that the rubber-cored ball has done away with following through. Finally, in despair you insist on a free and flexible wrist, and he shows you Mr. Maxwell with a wrist of iron. I have lately been playing with one of the very best putters I have seen, who has one remarkable and, as one would call it but for the results, blameworthy eccentricity. He takes the club back not in one motion, but in three motions. After a period of profound brooding he takes back his club about an inch or two and pauses a while. Then it goes back another painful inch and stops again. Finally, it goes back for good and all and the ball goes into the hole. What is more, though it sounds impossible, the stroke is of the smoothest, and the club comes right through



MR. B. HAMMOND-CHAMBERS.

in the most beautiful way imaginable. Trying this curious plan on a carpet—I would not venture on a green—I have formed the theory that the virtue lies in this: That the hands get well back from the ball before the stroke begins, and so there is the less danger of their coming through in front of it. Certainly my follow through in the privacy of my own room was glorious, but I know in my own heart that this was merely due to the most evanescent of faith cures.

MR. B. HAMMOND-CHAMBERS.

Mr. Hammond-Chambers has recently been acquiring fame by forcibly removing a fixed seat under which his ball lay. His method of performing this illegal action was that of reducing the seat to spillikins, a feat which goes to show that he is a very strong man. So he is—alarmingly strong, and he uses his strength to hit an alarmingly long ball. Moreover, he combines this length with accuracy and ease of style, so that altogether he is a very formidable person. He was captain of the Cambridge side two or

three years back, in which capacity he had rather a disastrous meeting with Mr. Robertson-Durham in the University match; but he is a vastly improved player since those days, and takes a very great deal of beating by anybody. Incidentally he has taken to putting with a loaded putter—one having a vast lump of lead at the top of the handle. Mr. Hutchinson has declared his belief that this is illegal. Nevertheless, Mr. Hammond-Chambers continues to putt with it both obstinately and well.

B. D.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. LONG'S EXPERIMENTS IN CROSSING SHEEP.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The experiment tried in crossing sheep for mutton production is one of the most valuable we have had for a long time. Put generally, it bears out the idea now gaining ground that the smaller breeds of sheep are those that pay best, as they are the kinds most desired by the butcher and his customers. The larger breeds have been developed at the expense of much money, time and skill, and it would be a pity to see them done away with; but nobody wants large legs of mutton nowadays, and perhaps the owners of such will consider the feasibility of reducing their size. The experimenter has found that the Southdown-Welsh or Southdown-Cheviot produce the "ideal" mutton sheep, but there is one other cross that it is a pity he did not try, or, if he tried and it failed, it would be interesting to know the result. This is a cross of the Southdown and Scottish Blackface. I am aware, of course, that it has already been tried by other people, and the objection to it is that the lambs come so big-headed that they strain the ewes, but a feeding and selling test would be valuable. This is particularly to be desired, because now and for the last few years there have been thousands of Blackface "crossbreds" sent South into the English grazing districts (I have had hundreds of them myself), and these have given satisfaction. These crosses are from a Border-Leicester or Wensleydale ram and a Blackface ewe, and are sometimes called "grey-faces," to distinguish them from the "white-faces," or "half-breeds," from a Border-Leicester-Cheviot cross. If the pure Blackface (which is the principal breed on all the hill country of the North of England and throughout Scotland) does not suit them, perhaps the "cross-bred" would mate well with the Southdown. At any rate, as a "mountain" breed, the trial is worth making. In all sheep questions wool has to be taken into account as well as mutton; but as far as the mutton itself is concerned, the hill breeds beat the low-country ones for flavour, and are better liked by the consumer. The ultimate value to the producer can only be found by trials like the above.—PRIMROSE MCCONNELL, B.Sc., F.G.S.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I consider the experiments of which you give an admirable account in your issue of December 30th are of far greater importance to the sheep-farmers of this country than may appear at first sight. I quite agree with the writer of the article that the ruin of the British sheep industry would be a disaster to agriculture generally. They are a vital part of our system of farming, not so much for the direct profit they bring, but because it is only by their means

that so large a portion of the land of this country can be kept in cultivation. I do not, however, agree that there is much reason to fear that British mutton will be driven off our markets by the frozen product of the Antipodes. In the first place, the demand for fresh-killed has withstood the fiercest competition quite long enough to prove its strength; and, in the second place, importers are not finding their business sufficiently profitable to induce them largely to increase their volume of trade. It is indeed stated by responsible persons that they are at present trading at a loss. Such popularity as frozen mutton enjoys is entirely due to its cheapness, and competing markets may at any time rob it of that advantage. In and out of season I have long advocated the improvement of our breeds of sheep as one great means of holding our own against the foreigner. Most of our breeds are grand in their way, and exactly suited to their districts; but from the consumers' point of view many of them are too large and coarse. Yet farmers continue to aim at size as the greatest possible merit. They should learn to recognise the fact that small joints are every year being more and more demanded, and every market report will tell them that there is from a halfpenny to a penny per pound difference in the value of a seven and a-half-stone sheep and that of one of ten stones. How best to produce an ideal sheep is the problem of the times, and in confining his experiments to crosses with the Southdown, I think Mr. Long took a very wise course. On all soils and in those situations suited to them there is, in my opinion, nothing to beat the pure Southdown. Where they are at home, so many more of them can be kept to the acre than of the larger breeds that as much mutton can be produced, and the extra value per pound is therefore all profit. The crosses of this breed with the five others will be highly instructive, and may lead to the development of improved types most suitable to their several localities.—A. T. MATTHEWS.

SCARES FOR HERONS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your correspondent who complains about the herons eating his fish can get a very ingenious invention called the Automatic Gamekeeper. It is an arrangement like a man, which raises at certain intervals a gun and fires off a charge of powder. This effectually scares away all birds from the immediate locality in which they are objected to, and humane people therefore get rid of birds without slaughter; and, if they do not want to get rid of them altogether, they are gratified to see them settle in a near suitable place. This machine is doing duty on several estates for exactly the same purpose as your correspondent seeks to effect. He can get the address from the secretary of the Royal

Society for the Protection of Birds, 23, Queen Anne's Gate, S.W. I have seen them mention it in their paper.—C. W.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Does "W. G. B. M." ask us to curse herons? Behold, I would bless them altogether as the stateliest birds left to us. But vandalism stalks the land: if we mutilate so many things, it is only to be expected that we should also murder our herons (and why not our golden eagles, too?). We have lately been turning two year old trout into certain streams in East Sussex, and within a week the herons found them out and levied their toll. In self-defence we set rabbit-wires by the banks, but horizontally instead of vertically, and with much success. I greatly fear that "W. G. B. M." would impose the death penalty in the morning (although that would be preferable to long-range wounding), but we let our captives go, and you may depend upon it that so intelligent a bird as a heron is not going to come back again after he has spent half a night "in the stocks," especially when he has been unable to see what has been holding him, as must be the case with thin wire; besides, he must hate the handling that releases him more than a Pharisee does defilement! Perhaps if "W. G. B. M." makes use of this suggestion, he would spare a few of his captives. I feel sure they would not return; but the matter could very easily be settled by marking them.—OSWALD FREWEN, H.M.S. Intrepid, Home Fleet.

THE RIFLE IN WAR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The author of your article on the above, which appeared in your issue of December 30th, makes proposals which he says "can easily be adopted by civilian rifle clubs in order to bring their methods into line with those of the soldier." I am afraid he knows very little about the struggles civilian rifle clubs have to keep the pot boiling, figuratively speaking, when he mentions the cost of adopting his proposals. I venture to say that ninety-nine per cent. of the clubs would be financially strangled in less than twelve months under such methods. The suggestions he makes with regard to figure and landscape targets are all very well as an advanced stage; but I look upon civilian rifle clubs as being the means of teaching a man or boy the first principles of rifle-shooting, such as how to hold the rifle, how to aim with it and eventually to hit the object he aims at. Will he accomplish this by being set in the first instance, to shoot at an almost invisible target or at imaginary spots on a landscape target such as your author recommends? I say no. Therefore let the civilian rifleman keep to his bullseye and learn how to handle his rifle, and when he arrives at a state of efficiency in this direction, if the authorities will come forward and place the means at the disposal of the clubs, he will be ready for the military methods and advanced stage which the author of your article referred to advocates. Unless some financial assistance is given to civilian rifle clubs, I am convinced that it is useless recommending two hundred and fifty-pound butts or even forty-pound Solano targets. I should very much like to hear the views of others who have had practical experience of the management of rifle clubs.—SOUTHFIELDS.

[A further letter, dealing with the same subject, appears in "Shooting Notes" on page 20*.—ED.]

"WHERE THE BUTTERFLIES COME TO DRINK."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The letter with photographs under the above heading in your issue of December 2nd, 1911, has just come to my notice. Perhaps it may interest your readers to hear that I witnessed a very similar scene in September last while staying in Berkshire. The thermometer had been over 90deg. in the shade for two days, and it had been exceptionally dry there all summer. Some potted plants lying on the path had been watered, and a considerable number of the common white butterfly—I counted over thirty at one time—came and alighted on the damp ground, and remained there apparently drinking up the moisture.—E. L. COWAN.

MR. LLOYD-GEORGE'S GIFT TO HIS NATIVE VILLAGE.

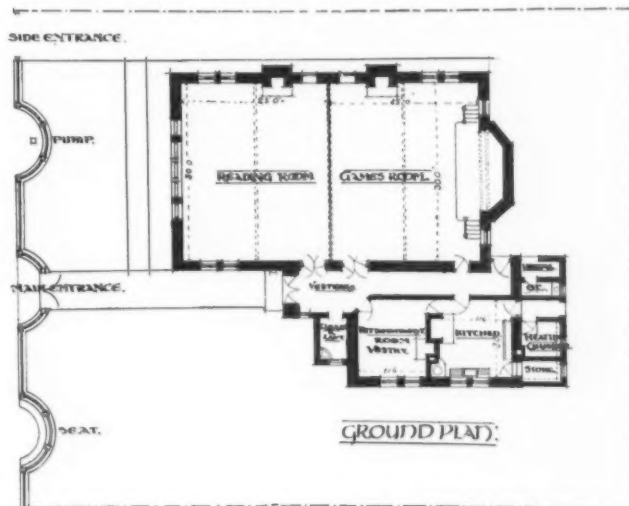
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The accompanying plan and elevation show the village institute presented by the Chancellor of the Exchequer to his native village, Llanystumwy. The



SHOWING THE ELEVATION.

accommodation of the building includes a reading-room and a recreation-room, divided by folding-screens which, when opened, converts the two rooms into one large hall, capable of seating over three hundred people, exclusive of platform. In addition there will be retiring-room, lavatories, kitchen and stores, giving facilities for social functions. The materials, as far as possible, will be obtained in the locality, the walls, to the height of four feet, being of stone,



GROUND PLAN OF THE BUILDING.

over which, as will be seen from the above illustration, there will be timber framing filled in with stonework, and cement panels in the old English half-timbered style. The roof will be rough Welsh slates. The aim is to make the building harmonise with its surroundings and to carry out the idea of a village hall.—L.

THE SNIPE'S DRUM.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I wish to be allowed to raise once more, for I am sure all interest in it is not exhausted, the mightily vexed question of the way in which the snipe produces that sound which is commonly called "drumming." I venture to do so with a good deal of misgiving, for I am aware that persons of the very highest authority in ornithological matters deem themselves to have set it at rest for ever. What they have done, as I understand, is this: They have fixed feathers, similar to those in the tail of a snipe, into a cork, they have attached this cork to a string, and then they have found that by whirling the cork round at the end of a string they could induce the feathers, if set at just the right angle, to make a sound similar to that of the snipe's "drumming." Arguing from this basis, they conclude that the "drumming" of the snipe is produced by the vibration of its tail-feathers. It may be. We can go with them so far as to say that the fact that the twirling of the feathers set in the cork produces this noise gives a presumption in favour of the noise being produced by the snipe's tail-feathers. But does it amount to anything like proof, and are there not difficulties about the theory? The usual manner of the snipe's flight, when it makes this noise, is, as we all know, a slanting downward drop, with the wings half extended. Rarely, but sometimes, it executes this movement without producing the sound, and more rarely still it produces it while in horizontal flight. It is not to be claimed that either the rule or these exceptions tell strongly either for or against the theory of the caudal production of the sound. They are equally in conformity with the idea that it may come from the throat, the downward slanting position being, on that assumption, the attitude in which the bird finds it most convenient to utter the strange noise. Unquestionably it is a courting sound, and given out only, as I imagine, though I am not sure of this, by the male. Sometimes you may see two snipe together, of which the one flies low all the while, and I presume this to be the female, before she has begun to brood her eggs. She keeps flying low over the ground, while the other, probably the male, mounts up from time to time high into the air, then lets himself slope in an inclined plane towards her and drums. More often, and later in April, he is seen flying alone, the hen, as I presume, brooding her eggs the while.

One of the chief reasons that makes me dare to question the conclusion reached by the ornithological experts at the Natural History Museum is the great distance that the noise carries. I have opportunities of observing one pair of snipe, and one only—I mention this lest a critic would suggest that I have mistaken the sound of one that I did not see, near at hand, for that of the bird which I was watching far away—nesting yearly close to my house, and am quite sure that in a calm the drumming may be audible at a distance well over a quarter of a mile, when, in fact, the bird is only just visible to keen sight in a clear sky. The sound which they produced in the Natural History Museum from the cork and feathers may be sufficient, I daresay, to fill one of the splendid galleries of that institution: but can they claim to make it carry up to the Albert Hall? And surely the snipe can hardly be expected to vibrate its feathers with greater speed and vigour than those set in the twirled cork! A

wood-pigeon affrighted from a tree, or a wild goose rising, make a great clapping, yet how much bigger is even the lesser of these than a snipe, and how much less distance does their wing-clapping carry than the snipe's drumming? Thinking the question over, it seems to me that there is one way, and one way only, in which it can be conclusively settled. If some observant person who has the luck to have a single pair of snipe segregated, so as to be sure of the identification, could mark down, one evening, the place where the male betook himself to roost, and could then throw a net over him, or by any means capture him without injury, then two snips with a pair of scissors ought to be enough to settle the point for ever as between tail-feathers and vocal chords. The bird could be immediately released again, and almost certainly would not desert his mate. If, after this painless mutilation, he were seen still executing the same antics in the sky, but failing to emit the drumming noise, then indeed the proof that it comes from the tail-feathers would be strong almost to demonstration. If, on the other hand, he uttered the sound still, the proof would be equally strong that either wings or vocal chords—and few hold any longer the wind theory—produce it. It is an experiment well worth the trying; but, of course, "you must first catch your snipe."

For what it may be worth, I might point out that this so-called "drumming" of the snipe is a sound very similar to the "churring," as it is often written, of the nightjar. There is no suspicion whatever that the nightjar's note is emitted except through its throat. It makes it while it is sitting on a bush. Personally, I do not claim that this similarity of note goes very far to prove anything about the snipe, but what is, as it seems to me, a consideration that has some weight is this fact—that the snipe, when he begins to drum, always interrupts the repetition of the "chook chook" note which is often almost continuous as he circles. If this drumming is done with his wings or tail, it is at least curious that he never—absolutely never, in my observation—utters the "chook chook" while he is drumming. Does not this offer a presumption that the drum proceeds from the same organ as the "chook," that is to say, from the throat? And as for the argument of those who ask, "If this sound is vocal, how is it that the snipe only makes it when he is descending?" the answer to that may well be that as a bittern has to throw his neck into a certain position when he booms, and so, too, a stag when he roars, and even a domestic cow when she moos, it is very easy to understand that there may be a certain attitude of the neck in which, and in which only, the snipe can utter its drum, and that that attitude is most easily attained when the bird is slanting downwards in the air. Neither the angle of the wind to the bird's flight nor the force of the wind seems to make any difference to the note, and we might reasonably expect some such difference if the sound were the result of feather vibration against the air. Finally, again, for what little it may be worth, it is to be noticed that we often see the bird descending with wings and tail apparently disposed identically as when the drumming is being made, and yet not producing the sound at all.—HORACE G. HUTCHINSON.

CROOKED-BREADED TURKEYS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—May I be allowed to make a comment on the replies made to your correspondent anent his request for information as to the cause of crooked breast-bones in his turkeys in your issue of January 6th? The supposition of "A Practical Poultry-keeper" that this malformation may be due to inbreeding is much to the point. The breeder will, I hope, tell us whether there has been inbreeding. But the suggestion that birds which have developed this defect "accidentally, by the use of bad perches when poults," will transmit the defect to their offspring is without foundation. This is an "acquired character," and is therefore not transmissible. It may well be that these birds have been inbred, or that a strain of weakness has developed in the breeding stock, and this being so, run with suitable perches, the young birds, from their lack of stamina, would be predisposed to develop this defect. That is to say, some of the young, the weaker members of the brood. The advice given to examine breeding-stock as to the condition of the breast-bone is still good advice, for it is an indication of *inherent* weakness. The offspring of such birds will not inherit the defect, only the possibility thereof, when the exciting cause—perching—begins to operate. The suggestion of "A Practical Ornithologist," that the diet should be overhauled, is worth considering; but even a change of diet will not avail when a degenerate stock is being bred from.—W. P. PYCRAFT.

AN ANCIENT BUILDER'S MISTAKE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should like to remark that the date 1662 over the entrance door of Salford Hall, Warwickshire (COUNTRY LIFE, December 16th), is incorrect. The date placed there by John Alderford, the builder, was 1602. This date would still be over the door but for the mistake of a local stonemason, who, in the early part of the nineteenth century, was called in to replace the original stone, which had perished. Being uncertain as to the date, he carved the figures which are still there to mislead and confuse. There is also an old engraving in the Aylesford Collection of Salford Hall, preserved in the Birmingham Reference Library, which shows the proper date 1602.—H. S. GUNN.

[This curious mistake was noticed in our article.—ED.]

HOW DEATH DUTIES SHOULD BE MODIFIED.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I read with much interest the article upon "Heirlooms and Death Duties" in the Christmas Number of COUNTRY LIFE, and was pleased to find it followed, in succeeding issues, by appreciative letters from Lord Strathmore and others, who write from direct personal experience. Your suggestions seem to me excellent. They meet all difficulties, and are so very just that I am sure many of your readers will wish they may be adopted during the present year of grace. It is generally felt, I think, that owners of historic homes and famous masterpieces of art, willing to yield access to their patrimony for the common good, are entitled to some consideration at the hands of the Government, and that they should be immune from the tax, with regard to this particular property, so long as such privilege obtains. Again, Dr. Bode's warning is significant. The works of the "Immortals" are but few. It would be regrettable indeed were any single one of them to be expatriated, or buried from us,

in some jealously-guarded collection because of forbidding dues. Lastly, where it unfortunately happens the tax has to be enforced two or three times within as many years, I think there should be some appreciable mitigation. It certainly was not designed to impoverish, or press as heavily as it has done in certain well-known instances; and common fairness suggests that future cases should be met by such modification as may seem expedient.—EMILY HUGHES.

TROUBLESOME STARLINGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—We are greatly annoyed just now by starlings that come in immense flocks to roost in some fine yew groves near the mansion house. Last winter they did the same thing, and when the early summer came a great many of the yews died. The trees are nearly twenty feet high and are fine cover, and many thousands of starlings come every evening. If you or any of your readers could tell me of a plan to get rid of them I should be greatly obliged.—R. A.

[We have heard of charcoal fires lit under the trees shortly before the roosting-time of the birds, so that the smoke shall rise up through the foliage and make the place distasteful to them, being effective in driving away starlings that have taken to roosting in certain trees. We cannot, however, guarantee that it would answer in every case, especially in the case of trees with very dense foliage, but we do think the experiment would be well worth trying.—ED.]

DOGS RETRIEVING FISH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your current issue reference is made to retrievers being used to land fish, and their interest in the sport being peculiar. This reminds me of a friend of my youth, a cross-bred bull bitch, that belonged to my crony, the local rat-catcher; she was quite a wonder at her legitimate vocation. I remember a ferret hanging to her lip and her coming to her owner to have it removed. She was very quick either on land or water, and would dive after rats in the streams, of which there were plenty in my native valley. One was the old river; it had not much water because all that should have come to it was taken by the proud and overbearing canal with locks and flour mills worked on its branches. Even then, five-and-thirty years ago, this canal had fallen into disuse; now it is blocked with weeds and rushes, the locks crumbling to decay and unworkable, the head gates being propped and reinforced to keep up the head of water to work the now ruined mill that does a little grinding at times only; then it was a flourishing business. This old river was a succession of pools and shallows. When walking along it the disturbed fish, roach and dace, would dash over the shallows to the lower pools. It was no uncommon thing for this old bitch to jump in and get them, not greatly injured in the catching; at any rate, quite appreciated for home consumption by her gipsy master. I have known many dogs of great character of the old bull and terrier type, one of which was a mark on puff adders in Natal. I saw a ripper in Algiers about eighteen months ago; they seem to be rather favourites there. The Boston terrier presumably is something of the sort, with more polish. Let us hope his original good qualities will not be lost now he is become so fashionable a gentleman.—WILL RAMBLE.

TREE STUMPS IN HIGH PLACES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—With regard to the paragraph on "The Limits of Tree Growth on the Hills" which appeared under "Wild Country Life" in your issue of the 6th inst., it may perhaps interest your readers to know something about the stumps and roots which are found in so many Scottish peat bogs. These tree remains are almost entirely those of the Scots fir (*Pinus sylvestris*), and are interesting in that they ascend to a height of close on three thousand feet above sea-level, whereas the present limit of growth of the pine is two thousand feet at the outside. Sometimes these tree stumps are buried three or four feet below the level of the ground, but we have often found them quite exposed. There is one stalker of our acquaintance whose sole source of fuel is this ancient wood, for his bothy is situate in a wild pass which is quite devoid of any tree. The wood thus dug from the peat makes excellent fuel, for the resinous matter is resistant to decay, and thus with the decay of the wood becomes relatively increased. We have often kindled a roaring fire in a few seconds from wood none too dry, and have no hesitation in affirming that its burning qualities are infinitely superior to present-day firewood. We do not think that the age of this wood has ever been accurately determined; it would certainly offer an excellent study for investigation. We have heard it stated that the remains are several thousand years old, and a stalker once informed us that he had come across, in a peat bog, a portion of a tree which had been roughly felled by some sharp instrument. There is certainly no doubt that the remains of trees extend to an altitude at which the pine of the present day could not grow to any great height. We have seen stunted and isolated species of *P. sylvestris* to an elevation of over two thousand five hundred feet, but they never reach a height of more than a few feet.—HIGHLANDER.

BAD-WEATHER SIGNS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—There are hundreds of weather-signs, I should say, among animals, and cats are the best of weather prophets. If a cat scampers about as if out of her wits, there is to be wind, and as she always turns round three times before lying down, and finishes with her back to the fire, she is breeding bad weather, and if it is winter-time, wind with snow or rain will follow in a few hours. If when washing her face she "goes over her ear three times, she is making rain." If pigs, when loose, begin to race about it is a sign of wind, and when it blows hard pigs can see it looking "all fiery"; and a saying is that "pigs can see the wind." At all events, pigs do not like wind, and "sneal at it." Cattle, horses and sheep gather together before the coming of a storm both in winter and summer. Rooks always fly "to school" with the wind, and when they are in no hurry to get away "there's a storm coming," and when they "loose from school" and come home early in the afternoon making "a great fuss," there will be "bad weather in an hour or two." Country-folk note such signs carefully, or, at any rate, used to do so.—THOMAS RATCLIFFE.

"WHISKERS."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am enclosing a photograph of my tame rat, Whiskers, who, like all the rat tribe, is of a thirsty nature. When drinking he laps up the water after the



"WHISKERS" DRINKING.

manner of a dog, and it is quite funny to see how rapidly his little pink tongue travels up and down.—FRANCES PITT.

STRAWBERRIES IN JANUARY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have to-day (January 1st, 1912) received two good-sized strawberries and several strawberry flowers grown in the open garden at Brisling, near Bristol.—GERTRUDE A. FRYER.

AN INN AT LA CHEZE, BRITTANY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have often read in COUNTRY LIFE of the spoliation of our country towns and villages by the substitution of ugly buildings for fine old pieces of architecture. It is somewhat consoling to know that we are not the only offenders in this respect. The enclosed photograph depicts a charming old hostelry



A BRETON INN.

at La Cheze in Brittany. Having discovered this architectural gem, I naturally looked round for others, but without success; in fact, every other building in the village would have brought positive joy to the heart of the jerry-builder.—W. G. M.

FROGS ATTACKING A PIKE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Izaak Walton again refers to this question in his "Observation of the Carp," Chapter IX., Part I. In commenting on the mystery of carp not increasing in number in certain ponds, he quotes a gentleman who says "he saw on a hot day in summer a large carp swim near the top of the water with a frog upon his head, and that he upon that occasion caused his pond to be let dry: and I say of 70 or 80 Carps only found 5 or 6 in the said Pond, and those very sick and lean, and with every one a frog sticking so fast on the head of the said Carps that the frog would not be got off without extreme force or killing: and the gentleman that did affirm this to me, told me he saw it and did declare his belief to be, and I also believe the same, that he thought the other Carps that were so strangely lost were so killed by frogs and so devoured. And a person of honour now living in Worcestershire (Mr. Fr. Rv.) assured me he had seen a necklace, or collar of Tadpoles, hang like a chain or necklace of beads about a Pike's neck and to kill him; whether it were for meat or malice must be a question."—J. L. BECK.

A NEW ALPINE SPORT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—With the increase in the number of winter visitors to the Alps there was certain to be an increase in the number of sports with which to amuse them. Two or three years ago, for example, ski-kjöring was introduced; last year ski-tailing became a favourite pastime, and this year "bicycle-tobogganing" will probably become also very popular. So far the "bicycle-toboggan" has been seen only at Grindelwald, where it was invented by a humble peasant. As appears from the accompanying photograph, the machine is not unlike an ordinary bicycle, except that it has neither wheels nor pedals.

Two wooden runners, with steel underneath, take the place of the front wheel, and two more of the back wheel. The steering is done by the handles, and though it is possible to waggle about a great deal—indeed, it is impossible to do anything else at first—it is hardly possible to wobble over and fall off. The feet are placed on foot-rests, unless it should be necessary to brake. One of the first to take up this new Alpine sport was Mr. Julian Grande, F.R.G.S., the well-known climber and journalist, who has lectured recently before the Royal Geographical Society on "Alpine Ascents and Adventures." This photograph



THE BICYCLE-TOBOGGAN.

was taken just as he was about to run down the Grindelwald-Interlaken road, which is used in winter as a bobsleigh and toboggan run. In his opinion a speed of sixty miles an hour could be attained with the new bicycle-toboggan, given a good road.—C. A. G.

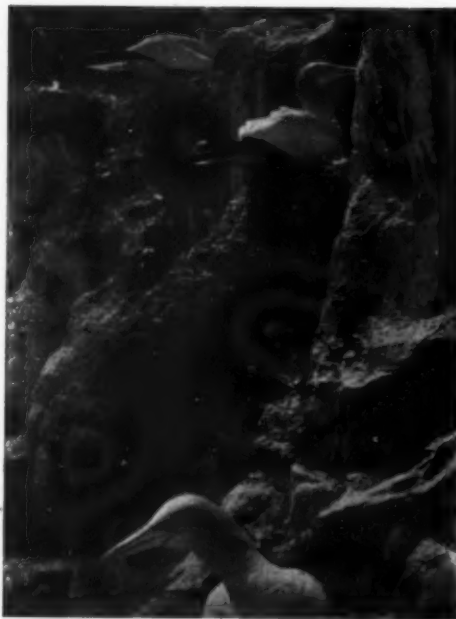
ATHLETIC DECADENCE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Will you allow me to ask Mr. J. Herbert Farmer a question or two? Learning to take hard knocks and play for one's side are, according to him, the great lessons every game should teach us, and he picks out for commendation cricket, football, rowing and running. Well, is either one lesson or the other to be got from running? If cricket is meant to teach playing for one's side, it does not seem to be succeeding very well, or why should we have such a general outcry about men playing for their average first and their side afterwards? Scotland has got along for several hundred years without cricket and rowing, and without real football or running either, till quite recent times, and has built up its manhood, as far as games go, upon golf and curling. Neither game teaches one to take hard knocks, but both, if they are played as they should be, teach one to put the side's interest first. In the days when armies met in the hand-to-hand clash of battle the rush of a team of forwards down the field may have been the very training needed to make a race of bold warriors, but in modern warfare a higher type of courage is required, and the man who, at the end of an important match, can see his opponent put a long approach quite near the pin, and yet can steady himself to hit another as good, is not likely to funk when he finds himself under fire, in extended formation. I should be surprised to learn that golfers wear corsets and tight shoes. They do not give that impression. I think I see Mr. Robert Maxwell bunkered at Pointgarry and unable to get out because his stays were too straight-fronted!—S. STAIR-KERR.

HOW GANNETS' NESTS ARE BUILT (TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE.")

SIR,—The accompanying photograph may interest your readers in showing to what extent some of the gannets' nests grow by annual accretions. Usually the nests placed on narrow ledges are swept away by the winter gales and annual rebuilding is necessary. Those in the rookeries—flat terraces some twenty feet wide, and situated halfway down the cliff face—remain throughout the winter a perfect quagmire, a superficial top-dressing being considered sufficient to make them again habitable for the solitary egg, which in many instances actually rests in mud, but which does not, contrary to one's expectations, prevent successful hatching. In sheltered positions the nests are added to each year till, as shown in the photograph, they assume the appearance of a concrete-like column buttressing the cliff face. The nest in question, almost five feet in height, represents the accumulation of many years, and is a solid mass of guano interspersed with quill feathers; but I have often thought that if this particular nest were split into sections some curious finds might be made. Save for the final top-dressing of withered grass which is garnered on the rock, all nesting material is collected afloat. We frequently surprise these birds in the act of gathering the grass, which is pulled up by the roots by the bill wisp after wisp. When so surprised, a regular stampede ensues, the birds floundering over each other in frantic endeavours to reach the edge of the cliffs. The long, narrow wings—six feet from tip to tip—thresh the ground fruitlessly in their endeavours to rise, but this they are totally unable to accomplish on level ground, and only when they have gained some little eminence or the verge of the cliff are they able to launch themselves fairly on the wing. The seaweed known as bladder-wrack is chiefly used in the construction of the nests, but almost anything afloat that is not too heavy for them is conveyed to the nests, though the utility of some of the objects collected is not very obvious and seems a mania with them. Golf balls, cork soles, sections of light barrel ends, portions of herring-nets, small bottles, candles, ninepins and other wooden toys, etc., are among the curious oddments found from time to time in their nests.—J. M. CAMPBELL, Bass Rock.



A NEST FIVE FEET HIGH.

WINDERMERE AND THE HYDROPLANE.

(TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE.")

SIR,—Att the fferry boate on the King's hye way, time out of mind itt hath been ussed and Accustomed that the parties to these presents and all others . . . passe repasse & travell over Windermere Watter." Thus says an old



WAITING FOR THE FERRY.

deed, quoted in Mr. Swainson Cowper's "History of Hawkshead." It is an agreement, dated April 13th, 1670, between the fishers and ferriers of the "highest, middle and lowest cubles." The ferries at Miller Ground and Rawlinson Nab are coble boats yet, and little used. But the middle boat—Windermere horse-ferry—continues to be the connecting link for all road traffic between the Kendal district of Westmorland and that northern part of Furness which lies between Windermere Lake and the eastern shore of Conistone. For dwellers "beside the road from Hawkshead to the Great Boate" the ferry is the sole means of access for horsed vehicles on the way to town, to station and to Kendal Market. The present ferry-boat is worked by a small engine and flywheel, along a wire cable. Tourists on the steamers notice the ramshackle, picturesque boat, heavy laden with the Conistone four-horsed coach and char-à-banc, or with carrier's tilt cart and bustling motor, or homely toppling loads of oak bark and hooper's swills, or droves of sheep and cattle. Farm-carts go down and across with sacks of wool and bark and faggots; they struggle homewards with loads of coal. Everyone uses the ferry. On calm summer waters no voyage is more cheerful and pleasant than this crossing of Windermere. Those who live to

the west can tell another tale of winter nights, when the ferry cannot cross in the teeth of the wind. Then the home-coming carriers are storm-stayed at Bowness, and the Crier of Claife calls in vain for the ferry-man. For the most part we accept these interruptions as a dispensation of Providence—and the climate. There has been no serious accident since October 19th, 1635, when forty-seven persons and eleven horses were drowned at once. A crowd of market folk and a wedding party were returning from Hawkshead. "The great Boate upon Windermere water sunk about sun-setting." But danger, turmoil and possible pecuniary damage in calm weather at the hand of fellow-man are another matter altogether. Our peaceful lake is disturbed by the presence of a hydroplane. We are threatened with the prospect of an aeroplane factory at Cockshott Point, between Bowness Bay and the Ferry Nab, and with the completion of five more machines before next summer. The existing machine flies up and down in the trough of the hills; it turns at either end of the lake and comes back. It flies at a comparatively low level; the noise of its propeller resembles millions of blue-bottles plus a steam threshing engine. Horses upon land may possibly become accustomed to it, but it is doubtful whether they will ever stand quietly as it swoops over their heads while on the boat. If they back while on the water, there will be an accident. When the machines become numerous there will be danger of actual collision. It seems deplorable

that this beautiful lake should be turned into another Brooklands or Hendon. The Ferry and Cockshott lie between Belle Isle and Storrs Point—that Storrs where Wordsworth, Scott, Canning and Christopher North embarked upon the lake with their host, Mr. Bolton. We are sometimes told that England is being left behind by other nations in the race for the conquest of the air. But, surely, the proper place for testing hydroplanes is over the sea, rather than over an inland lake? A more inappropriate place for experimenting with flying-machines could scarcely be chosen. The noise is confined by the hills:

"echoes

Redoubled and redoubled; concourse wild."

But the first consideration should be given to the question of danger to existing traffic—the traffic of steamers, yachts, row-boats and Windermere Ferry.—BEATRIX POTTER.

"THE HOME OF THE WASHINGTONS."

(TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE.")

SIR,—At the Dissolution the Washingtons obtained a grant of a manor in the village of Sulgrave, which had belonged to the church and monks of St. Andrew's, Northampton. The Manor of Sulgrave was one of the manors in the possession of the Danvers family, long since extinct in the *male line*. John Washington, mentioned in the will of John Danvers, married Mary, daughter of George Danvers. He was son of Walter Washington of Radway, who died in 1597, by his wife Alice Morden. John was cousin to the Rev. Lawrence Washington, Fellow of Brasenose College, whose two sons John and Lawrence emigrated to America, from one of whom George Washington, first President, descended. John Danvers, Walter and George Washington were companions in arms on the Royalist side. From Domestic State Papers (September 17th, 1650) it is learnt that the Danvers estates were seized and inventoried on the plea that in the year 1642 he (John Danvers) had relieved and maintained King's soldiers in his house in Upton, and had assisted Walter and George Washington, who were in arms against the Parliament. I am descended from the Danvers of Colthorpe and Danteseley and Prestcote and Culworth in the *female line*, my ancestor, John Adams of Welton and Charwelton, having married the daughter of Dr. Daniel Danvers of Culworth. Some years since COUNTRY LIFE published an account of the Leghs of Lyne, Cheshire, which was granted to a Danvers, who served with the Black Prince at the Battle of Poitiers as his standard-bearer. This knight must have been Sir Thomas Danvers or his son.—L. F. ADAMS (Captain).



"THE FFERRY BOATE ON THE KING'S HYE WAY."